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THE WIFE HUNTER,

AND

FLORA DOUGLAS:

TALES BY

THE MORIARTY FAMILY.

EDITED BY

DENIS IGNATIUS MORIARTY, ESQ.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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THE WIFE HUNTER,

OR,

MEMOIRS OF M.P.'S.

BY A QUONDAM MEMBER OF THE
IRISH PARLIAMENT.

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TO

MISS EDGEWORTH,

OF WHOSE DISTINGUISHED GENIUS EVERY IRISHMAN IS

JUSTLY PROUD,

The following Tale is inscribed,

IN TOKEN OF THE HIGH ADMIRATION AND ESTEEM,

WHICH HER TALENTS,

HER VIRTUES, AND HER UNDEVIATING PATRIOTISM,

HAVE AWAKENED IN THE BREAST OF

HER FAITHFUL COUNTRYMAN AND SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

SEPT. 30TH, 1834.

PREFATORY NOTICE.

THE only Preface I mean to inflict on the readers of the following tale, is the simple announcement that there are *some* of the frolics recorded in my narrative, which I would not re-enact. I could not, however, omit them; as I deem it the duty of a faithful autobiographer to detail the exceptionable parts of his career, as well as those which tend to exalt him in the estimation of his readers.

JOHN O'BRIEN GRANT.

KILNAFLESK, AUGUST, 1834.

THE WIFE HUNTER.

CHAPTER I.

"But Hymen's kinder flames unite
And burn for ever one;
Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the Sun.
Oh, source of every social tie,
United wish and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As son, as father, brother, husband, friend."

POPE.

"MATRIMONY *should* be the happiest state in the world;" said my uncle, Henry Grant. The old gentleman was a stately bachelor, and had never been known to honor any member of the softer sex with an offer of his hand.

"Why, Sir, such a declaration sounds very strange from *you*," said my mother; "for surely,

if you thought so, you might have long ago enjoyed matrimonial happiness yourself."

"Why I mean," replied my uncle, "that the theory of matrimony is an excellent thing —in fact, nothing better. But the practice—the practice—'*there's* the rub.' I had always some very awkward fears about that."

"I am sure, Sir, that if you had ventured to enter on the state, your fears would have vanished."

"Humph!—I don't know—I don't know,—I think I would have made a cursedly bungling hand of a love affair; I would never have had patience or hypocrisy enough to go through all the sentimental evolutions and manœuvres of a courtship. At some unlucky moment a word of indifference or ridicule would have infallibly popped out and ruined my suit."

"Then how can you form the favourable notion of marriage you expressed a while ago?"

"Pshaw! silly woman—I told you I was speaking of the *theory* of marriage, not the practice; if the theory were realized it would

be all very well. A beauteous, interesting, affectionate wife—eyes like diamonds, cheeks like roses, teeth like ivory, and lips like coral.—Well, this lovely being is devoted to your happiness and welfare; her brilliant eyes derive new lustre from the love that glows within; her accomplishments are rendered the sources of domestic amusement and happiness; she shares one's joys and cares with the tenderest solicitude and sympathy. Now, who will say that a state which provides a companion like this, does not furnish the highest felicity of which human nature is capable?"

Upon my word, thought I, a glowing description enough for a sexagenarian!

"Well," said my mother, laughing, "it is difficult to think why you did not avail yourself of the happiness you describe so eloquently."

"Because," said he, snappishly, "if I must tell you a third time, this happiness is not in existence at all—it is only to be found in the dreams of poets, or the vain expectations of

inexperienced fools. Then, as to the style of a courtship—it is really a dreadful bore that a man is expected to make a certain splutter about love, as if any rational person ever felt such a thing! An unfortunate devil of a wooer is expected to tell his fair mistress that he loves her, and adores her, and admires her——"

"Well, Sir, what would you have?" interrupted my mother; "how would you manage a flirtation in your own case?"

"Why, if ever my good angel abandoned me so far as to suffer me to enter upon such an affair, I would manage it as rationally as the case admitted. I would say, for example, 'Madam, I understand you have ten thousand pounds—I have an estate of £500 a-year, which equals the interest of your fortune. Suppose that we marry and increase our resources by uniting them?'"

"Well, Sir, and what do you suppose would probably be the lady's answer?"

"I'll tell you what she *ought* to say," replied my uncle; "she should say, 'Mr. Henry

Grant, I feel deeply honoured by your offer; you have discarded the sickening affectation of love, with which men are too often in the habit of insulting the understanding of women; you have treated the subject as a man of sense and candour, and therefore I shall feel much pleasure in closing with your offer.' That's what any woman *ought* to say, if addressed in such a manner; but as to what they *would* say, that's quite another affair, there is so little common sense among them."

"Why, uncle, you speak like one who had sustained disappointments in love; your language has far too much asperity for that of a disinterested observer."

"You mistake, Henrietta," rejoined the old gentleman; "my language is indeed that of experience, but then it is the experience of an observer.—I have witnessed the devotedness of passion in the youth of both sexes, to some favourite object, and I have seen the veil rudely torn aside by the sober realities of marriage."

"Why, according to your doctrine, Sir, people never should marry at all! We should all lead a life of celibacy, and the world would end with the present generation!"

"The best thing that could happen to it," replied he: "the world will never come to half so respectable a conclusion. I could say in such a case, with Saint Augustine, 'O! felix exitium mundi!'"

"Now, Sir, I really think——" My mother paused.

"What do you really think?" he asked, somewhat pugnaciously.

"That you must have been over head and ears in love, and recently too, with some faithless and deceiving fair one, or we never should have heard such a torrent of eloquent rage. Either that," she added, seeing a storm gathering, "or else that you are the most cynical being alive. And now, do you really mean to say that a happy married couple never existed?"

"And pray, Henrietta," retorted the old

bachelor, "have you any reason from personal experience to say that there is such a thing in existence?"

This was rather an ill-natured question, for my mother's marriage had not been a happy one.

"Of course, Sir, I have," she replied with seeming indifference. "I could name numerous happy couples of our acquaintance: for instance, Mr. and Mrs. Newton—Mr. and Mrs. O'Kelly—Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson——"

"Enough, enough," interrupted the celebist hastily. "Why now, in the name of common sense, Henrietta, do you think that because the matrimonial quarrels of these people are not subjects of public notoriety, they are therefore happy? It is true that the Newtons do not gratify the public with a regular set-to on the turnpike-roads—but do you really think they don't wish each other at the devil—as civilly, of course, as such a wish can be felt or expressed? Now I put it to your candour, Henrietta, did not Mrs. Newton whisper to you

once in a confidential mood, that she would rather be hanged than married? Nay, you cannot deny it, for I overheard her."

My mother looked convicted, and acknowledged the fact.

"Aha!" cried the old bachelor, with a triumphant chuckle, "I could have sworn it! And so this is the couple you were holding up as a pattern of married felicity!"

"But it is very easy," continued my mother, rallying, "to talk of hanging as a preferable alternative to marrying. Mrs. Newton would tell another story if the rope were tying round her neck."

"Upon my word, a capital defence of matrimony, to plead that it 's just a *pis-aller*—one step better than hanging! We bachelors have reason, at this rate, to regret our single state."

"But Mr. and Mrs. O'Kelly?" said my mother; "Surely you will acknowledge they live happily?"

"Happily? how do you prove that?"

"Because they never quarrel."

"Pooh! the asthmatic creatures, how could *they* quarrel? Five words would be enough to choke either of them. If they don't quarrel, it is because they can't."

"But really now, uncle, I will not give up the O'Kellys quite so easily. He is fond of his wife beyond a doubt, and shows it by consulting her tastes and wishes in many respects. You know it was to please her that he removed from that marine villa, and took a house near this."

"Marine villa, quotha! it was more like a mousetrap. A villa in which drawing-room, dining-room, bed-rooms, hall, and kitchen, were all included in a space of twenty feet square, according to some minnikin whim of his father's. Why, people couldn't breathe in such a band-box, so no wonder they were forced to beat a march. A loving couple:—yes, as loving as a couple of muzzled bears:—the asthma effectually gags them, so one can only guess at their real dispositions."

"Well, the Hutchinsons, uncle; you surely

will not say they are on bad terms with each other? They could quarrel if they pleased, and yet they don't; they have neither asthma nor anything else that I know of to prevent them, except good temper and mutual affection."

"Why, I *do* confess, that they approximate more nearly to happiness than any persons you have yet named, and they take a very effectual mode to preserve domestic peace, for they keep out of each other's way as much as possible. They never meet except at meal times, and frequently not even then; so they never molest each other. Yes, I believe I will allow you to call them a happy couple; that is, as far as happiness consists with matrimony."

My mother yielded to my uncle's pertinacity. Her own experience, perhaps, was rather confirmatory of the truth of his remarks, and she wanted spirits to dispute the point any further. He turned triumphantly to me. "Jack, my boy," said he, "young as you are, you will soon, I suppose, be on the out-look for a wife

—nay, don't laugh—you will soon leave off boyish frolics, and enter upon manhood and its passions and pursuits. Years glide rapidly away, and boys are men, and men are grey, before they're half aware of the progress of time. Now, Jack, as you value my affection, pray attend to my advice ;—good counsel can't be given too early. Women are all alike, Jack —never knew one of them better than the rest; their first and last object is to get well married, and so far as their rational ambition is concerned, men ought to follow their example. Not that I'm a friend to the sex; but if you must marry, my boy, remember there's but one thing worth marrying for, and that is—money. Let money be your pole-star, Jack, in the choice of a wife. Philosophers say that knowledge is power; certainly one sort of knowledge is power, and that is the knowledge of the way to make money. Money is power, Jack—that's *my* philosophy; and I would not advise you to reject a good round sum of money, merely because a woman might happen

to be tacked to it. But mind me, young hopeful, it betrays insensate folly to marry for anything else. Beauty is transient; wit may be pointed against the poor devil of a husband; accomplishments, if indulged to excess, render home a mere picture-shop or music-shop, and one is put out of temper with the daubing, or stunned with the din. And don't marry for good temper or good nature, or any such rubbish—it's all assumed, Jack, all assumed—you never can be sure that it isn't mere acting, till the knowledge comes too late. But if the girl has *money*, then, my boy, she is a real treasure; then, Jack, have at her by all means! In prudent hands money is omnipotent; it fades not like beauty; it turns not against you like wit; it is not deceptive like assumed good-nature; it commands whatever sources of enjoyment or felicity this world of ours has at its disposal."

Whether this erudite lecture produced any serious effect upon my mind, it would be difficult to tell, as I was then only fourteen or

fifteen, an age when dogs, guns, and horses occupy more of the mind than matrimonial speculations. But certain it is, that the frequent repetition of such lectures insensibly gave the tone to my general sentiments on matrimony, aided as they were by the frequent connubial disagreements which my parents took little care, if any, to conceal from my observation.

My mother's early years had been spent in the best society of the then aristocratic metropolis of Dublin: her habits, her education, fully qualified her to enjoy and appreciate that perfect refinement and elegance, which, if they are not always to be found in the exclusive circles of bon ton, at least are never to be found *beyond* those circles. She had acquired tastes and habits of expense, which her moderate fortune did not permit her to gratify, and for which the society of an uninformed country squire, whose knowledge of the world had been wholly acquired from a few years' domestic service in the army, formed an extremely

inadequate substitute. These circumstances naturally caused some corrosions of a temper originally good, and whose native sweetness had survived the effects of early indulgence. For the rest, my mother was a model of excellence. Generous, humane, and unaffectedly pious, her life was spent in a constant effort to promote the happiness of all around her. Her affection for me was unbounded; she tried to inculcate those principles which establish a permanent basis for respectability and happiness in after life; but her wayward son begged leave to be his own instructor, not, to say truth, with the bad results which such early obstinacy might fairly be expected to produce.

Peace be with the ashes of my beloved parent. She died, ere I had reached the age of twenty, worn out with constant matrimonial disquietudes. Nor do I blame my father much for this result; for in fairness I think we must allow, that when persons of totally opposite habits and feelings are placed in constant matrimonial collision, they are no more respon-

sible for the inevitable squalls which must arise from such a situation, than the hydrogen and oxygen principles are responsible for the effervescence their meeting occasions in a saline beverage.

My father said my mother died for want of contradiction. My uncle, Henry, made use of her decease as an argument in favour of the views he incessantly inculcated. "Look, Jack! there's your mother gone—earthed, poor soul! can't be helped—we are all mortal. Now she didn't bring your father any very large fortune, or perhaps they would have agreed better, and the poor dear woman might have lived till this day. Jack, I loved your mother; she was a wonderful creature for a woman. So mild, so affectionate, so patient, so sensible. The only foolish thing she ever did was to marry your father. I suppose that now he will be looking about him for a second wife, as if he had not got more than enough of his first. But unless he minds his hits, and gets money, I vow I'll disinherit him. Your mother was too elegant

and ladylike, and all that, for your father; with her manners, and her music, and her long concertos and bravuras. Truly she turned his old rat-eaten mansion into an opera house. Faith there was a little too much of it. The poor man would have liked the bagpipes at a *pattern* ten times better. But it all comes home to my argument again; if the dear angel had got money enough to take herself off to the metropolis, or anywhere out of Kilnaflesk, she might have played, and squalled, and sonata'd, and bravura'd to her heart's content, without dinning our ears with it."

There was much in this which grated harshly on my feelings. "Uncle," said I, "you must spare her now; she is no more; her life was an unhappy one, and if she had recourse to music, you know it was her only resource from continual annoyance. No wonder, then, she devoted a considerable part of her time to the only occupation that afforded relief from uneasiness and care."

"True, Jack—I see you have feeling, and so

you ought, for she was a kind and a doating mother to you. I wouldn't have said what I did, only I thought you had no more sensibility than a rhinoceros. We should honour our parents, no doubt, and especially kind ones. But mark me, Jack, if you ever marry such a squalling cherub with a poor three thousand pounds, I wash my hands out of you—that's all."

CHAPTER II.

"Sir, look upon this house, 'tis rudely fashioned,
But 'tis the mansion of my fathers, where
My helpless infancy was nurtured. Therefore
I love the humble dwelling better than
A palace unpossessed of this remembrance.
These were the woods where first my childhood stray'd;
There is the stream where first I dared the wave.
Years have passed o'er my head since then, but yet
The hours of boyhood rush upon my soul,
Unlocking all the floodgates of mine eyes."

THE FRIENDLY RIVALS.

It is time to acquaint the reader with my father's name. His designation, then, was Captain Grant, of his majesty's ——— regiment of infantry; his descent was originally Scotch, as his name imported, although his appearance and manners betrayed not the slightest trace of Caledonian origin, being both as completely Hibernicized as might be expected from the constant residence of his family in Ireland for nearly two centuries, and

their frequent matrimonial admixture with genuine Hibernian blood.

Kilnaflesk, our family residence, was a tolerably large domain, situated in a remote quarter of the kingdom. It had been considerably larger, until one of my ancestors reduced its extent by cutting down some oak woods, and setting out the ground thus denuded to farmers. Our family mansion would require a whole chapter to itself, if the length of the description corresponded with the ineffable deformity of the edifice. It was a long, low, two-story house, from which four or five coarse lumping chimneys ascended at irregular intervals. The architect had evinced a magnanimous contempt for symmetry—not a single window on the upper story was placed exactly over any of the windows on the ground floor; some were large, others small; and the strange disparity of two of these apertures immediately over the hall door, imparted a squinting expression to the fabric which the skill of ordinary builders could scarcely convey to stone

and mortar. I remember once asking M'Mahon, the architect, who stood gazing with professional astonishment at the venerable edifice, to what order of architecture it belonged.

"*Disorder*, Mr. Grant," was his answer. Yet think not, reader, that our family were content in the possession of such a very unpatrician abode. For the greater part of a century past, an intention had floated in the minds of its proprietors to erect a more suitable mansion; and among the archives of Kilnaflesk, I found, upon one of my rummaging expeditions, some plans and sketches which evinced that my ancestors had occasionally aspired to architectural distinction. For instance, I met with an ancient "Elevation of a dwelling house for Mr. Michael Grant, to be built at his seat of Kilnaflesk.—A. D. 1713;" a most prodigious affair, with long low wings, and a high narrow gabled centre, which somewhat resembled in shape an overgrown hayrick. This was evidently a chef-d'œuvre of the architect, who, I learned, was a working carpenter,

the descendant, of course, of a race of Irish princes, and related by marriage to our family. His name was Timotheus, or Timothy Hagarty; but to add some eclât to his self-taught profession, he dropped his baptismal designation of Timothy, and adopting the name of the celebrated architect of Whitehall, wrote himself "Inigo Hagarty."

In the plan of the magnificent mansion for which he furnished the design, the staircase was forgotten; and this omission had apparently been the subject of some correspondence between my ancestor and the namesake of Inigo Jones, for on the corner of the sheet was written in a small, old-fashioned hand:—

"Tim Hagarty, you spalpeen, you've forgotten the stairs; how are we to get up to the bed-rooms?—M. G."

The sheet, despatched to the artist with this commentary, was returned with the following reply scrawled beneath the note of censure.

"I beg your honour's pardon, but it's not the least matter in life; it was only the *promiscuous* plan of a house I drew out. Never fear but we'll stick in stairs enough when we tackle to build your honour's house, and hopes you won't be unaisy on the matter.

"INIGO HAGARTY, Architect."

The mansion, however, was never commenced, although a large and commodious range of offices was erected beneath the auspices of Mr. Inigo Hagarty. The architectural ambition of our family appears to have slumbered until 1766, when a desperate effort was made by my grandfather to erect a spacious mansion. For this purpose he actually quarried a large quantity of stones, and had them drawn to the site of his intended residence, when he suddenly stopped, as if to take some breathing time after such an unusual exertion, and let the heap of stones remain untouched for years, until the progress of vegetation among briars and furze, and the constantly ac-

cumulating rubbish, had connected them so firmly together, that somebody said they should be quarried over again.

"Should they?" said my grandfather. "Then they may stay where they are. I quarried them once, and that's quite enough for *me*. My successors may quarry them again if they choose to build a house. There was plenty of good beef eaten and claret drank in the old crow's nest, and I think it has done me so long it may do me for the rest of my days."

When my father was paying his addresses to my mother among the gay circles of Dublin, she asked him to describe his paternal abode.

"Fine large place, faith," was his answer; "infinite cover for cocks, give you my honour."

"And the house?" said my mother. "General Beauclerk says it has some architectural pretension—is it in the Grecian or Gothic style?"

"Grecian—oh, Grecian, of course," said my father with the air of a connoisseur: the poor fellow knew as much about Grecian or Gothic

as he did about the longitude. When the indissoluble knot was tied, and the gaily decorated carriage and four deposited its bridal burthen at the hall door of Kilnaflesk, my mother looked around expecting to alight beneath a Corinthian colonnade, and beheld the clumsy, awkward, and distorted dwelling. She turned reproachfully to Captain Grant, and pointing towards the mansion, said,

"You know you told me it was Grecian."

"Grecian! did I? ay, so I did, my love; and isn't it?"

"No, indeed; it is anything but that."

"Well, my love," said my father with infinite gallantry, "I'd have told a thousand lies to obtain such a treasure as you are."

"Really, Captain Grant," said my mother, whose dislike of the dwelling increased the more nearly she approached the gaping hall-door, and saw the ill-formed, coarsely finished hall—"really I wish you had built a better house before you brought me here."

"Why, faith, love, I've been thinking of

building a house these ten years past—my father intended it all his life, and so did my grandfather—but somehow they—a—a—a—they didn't set about it; in short—it's a sort of thing, I give you my honour, which, in fact, can't well be effected without money. I have been this some time past determined on building—I give you my honour I have—but expressly delayed it, you understand, in order to have the benefit of your advice and assistance, my love; for I don't quite comprehend all that Grecian and Gothic affair as well as you do, and, of course, you would wish to introduce some of that sort of thing into the edifice."

Mischievous persons say that he followed up this modest disclaimer of architectural knowledge by borrowing a guinea from my mother to pay the postillions. She meekly gave the money, and walked into the house.

CHAPTER III.

"Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid that seldom rises;
Few her looks, but every one,
Like unexpected light surprises!

* * *

"Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To rise or sink as Heaven pleases."

MOORE.

For some years after my mother's death, my maternal grandmother continued to reside at Kilnaflesk. This was in order, good old lady! to keep an eye upon the movements of her darling grandson. She would have much preferred giving me the advantage of a metropolitan education, by taking me to her house in Dublin, but my father refused his consent to this project. He had a strong, though not an ostentatious affection for me; he liked to see

me in the place; he did not relish the idea of our being separated; he saw with pride my proficiency as a sportsman and jockey; and he deemed my literary education complete, when I had learned to read and write English.

Between these two dignitaries, a description of stately, solemn courtesy existed, which conventionally served to cover the absence of affection. He looked on his mother-in-law as an excellent, lady-like old person, whose residence in his house imparted some *éclat* and respectability to the establishment, as she regularly drove to church every Sunday in her carriage and four, which passed for his own equipage, as his military person was always ostentatiously displayed on the box, upon these expeditions to the scene of hebdomadal devotion and gossip. He was deeply sensible of her kindness to his son, in preferring for my sake the seclusion of Kilnaflesk to the gay society that frequented the town house of her husband—an elderly barrister of great practice and highly social habits. Finally, the old

lady commanded my father's respectful consideration, from certain goodly hopes which floated in his mind, that as I was an only child and only grandson, the greater portion, if not the entire of my grandfather's fortune, might devolve hereafter to the house of Kilnaflesk. For her part, she would have regarded my father with much more warmth, if a rankling remembrance of his matrimonial quarrels with her daughter had not lurked in her mind. But she made full allowance for the difference of their habits, tastes, and education; so that all her reminiscences of this kind were softened away with the final observation that if Captain Grant had not rendered his lady quite as happy as he ought, it was more from inability to do so, than from any inclination to mar her felicity.

Under the tutelary care of these personages, with occasional lectures upon matrimony from my granduncle Henry, my time was greatly at my own disposal. My father seldom had me with him while engaged in his daily occupa-

tions. Without being more unskilful or improvident than his neighbours, fortune seemed to single him out for vexatious disappointments in most of the objects of a country gentleman's labours and pursuits. He farmed, and his crops often failed;—he tried his chance in horse-flesh, and was jockeyed;—he endeavoured to relieve the tedium of existence by conviviality,—people came, ate his venison, and drank his claret, and remarked when they went away, what a cursed bore at dinner a Kilnaflesk always was. Among the persons who made this return for my father's hospitality, was a raw young man named Nisbett; and although Captain Grant was quite aware of his silly impertinence, he was ready at all times to lend the offender the aid of his experience when requisite.

It chanced one day at Kilnaflesk that a flashy, clever adventurer of plausible manners, had very nearly persuaded this Nisbett to join him in a stage-coach speculation, the profits of

which were to be boundless: Nisbett was to furnish the coaches, horses, stabling, grooms, hay and oats, and divide the profits with his obliging friend.

"And pray, Sir," said my father to the speculator, "what are you to contribute towards this joint concern?"

"Why, Sir, I am to contribute my experience and knowledge, and to manage the accounts."

"Very fair, very fair indeed," said Nisbett; "accounts were never my forte; and I flatter myself I know something about horse-flesh—'gad the business could not have been better divided between us."

"I am glad you like the division of labour, Mr. Nisbett," said my father; "upon my honour I am! It seems to me that you are to have all the amusement of buying coaches, hiring stables and offices, paying for hay and oats and bullying ostlers, while this obliging gentleman, with unexampled kindness, will

relieve you from the troublesome and responsible task of having anything to say to the profits."

"I protest, Captain Grant, I don't doubt but there's something in that," said Mr. Nisbett; "so you see, my dear fellow, we'll talk more about the business another time."

The adventurer saw he was baulked, and departed with a muttered curse at my father's interference.

"Poor Nisbett's no Solon," said Captain Grant; "another person, knowing as I do the freedom he sometimes gives his tongue about me, would have let him be swindled and be d—d to him; but I couldn't stand by and see the poor raw Johnny taken in—'pon my honour I couldn't! I've been jockeyed myself now and then, which has made me look sharp:—a hint from an old soldier was no harm for Nisbett, and I hate to let those scheming, speculating gentry succeed in their vocation."

I have already remarked that my time was greatly at my own disposal; and as years ad-

vanced, and the passions began to assert their influence, I became anxious for an opportunity to put my uncle Henry's lectures into practice by selecting a wife whose possessions should realise his prudential expectations of my choice, while at the same time her personal attractions should at least be sufficient to render her society endurable.

Among the favourite amusements of my boyhood was that of catching salmon with an otter, who was trained to the task by a younger sister of my foster brother's. The young man had died, and his mother and this girl were the only remaining members of the family. My father was exceedingly kind to the woman, partly because she was my nurse, and partly because of the excellent character always borne by her family, who had long been followers of ours. Her cottage was picturesquely situated at the farthest extremity of the domain on a high bosky bank, overhanging a reach of the river particularly famed for salmon. The little dwelling was shut out from the rest of the domain

by a noble grove of oaks, which receded in the form of an amphitheatre from the water side, leaving open a richly green and sheltered spot of nearly an acre, on which the widow's cow and sheep were permitted to graze.

Mary Sheridan, the cottage girl, had in childhood been one of my earliest playfellows; she had always accompanied her brother and me in our sports in the park; I loved her as a sister, and since her poor brother's death my affection had increased, from the sympathy of sorrow, and the loss of her natural protector. Mary was beautiful. I have no great talent for descriptions of beauty, and shall therefore only say that her hair was raven black, her eyes dark hazel and shaded with long lashes, her colour was healthful, and her teeth most exquisitely white.—And her smile—oh! such a smile! so expressive of good humour, arch frolic, and artless, innocent affection! And then her matchless dexterity at our favourite rustic diversions, and her undisguised mirth at the occasional awkwardness of her poor brother or

myself! and her bewitching, untaught shrewdness! and the air of native, rustic grace with which, when our sports or toils were ended, she would sit to milk her cow, with her russet gown pinned neatly up, and warbling forth deliciously some wild, sweet, plaintive ditty of her country! My own dear Mary! In short I became very, *very* fond of Mary; so fond that I began to fear now and then that love had successfully carried the fortress by sap, and taken triumphant possession of the citadel from which he had driven the host of prudential resolutions I had made in conformity with good uncle Henry's advice.

Mary had no suitors—she was poor, and seldom attended *patterns* or places of rustic amusement. Indeed she was often to be seen at market where she went to dispose of her knitting or spinning, the profits of which were religiously devoted to the comforts of her mother. The farmers' sons would not look at a girl reputed to be portionless; so that quiet, unobtrusive Mary ran a chance of passing her best

years ungraced by the attentions of a *bachelor*, until her charms, occasionally seen at mass and market, at length attracted the devotion of a neighbour's son. The lad was wealthy; his father was a comfortable farmer, and in point of connexion the match was superior to anything my nurse had ventured to hope for her daughter. But the wooer himself was so little to the maiden's taste, that after a very few prudent maternal remonstrances, nurse was obliged, with a sigh of resignation, to consent to his dismissal. His limbs were nearly shapeless; he had thin sandy hair; he squinted; his protrusive and discoloured teeth resembled a *chevaux-de-frise*, a defect of which he felt so painfully conscious, that his lips, with no small effort, were constantly compressed together to conceal it; and to crown his manifold perfections, he exhaled the potent fragrance of tobacco.

I was greatly diverted, one evening, at witnessing the lively and scornful repulse which Mary gave her luckless suitor. I stole

upon them unawares, and beheld their piquant *tête-à-tête* from the shade of a few hazel bushes. Mary was milking her cow, when the lover approached from behind to snatch a kiss. The maiden started up, and "blushed celestial rosy red" when she saw the singularly unattractive physiognomy presented in juxta-position with her own.

"Now, the deuce take you, Jerry! what impudence you have to come near me with that ugly phiz of yours!"

"One kiss, Mary dear! one kiss!" said the lover, still pursuing the retreating fair one, and as usual, compressing his lips to conceal the terrific artillery within.

"Why now, Jerry, who'd kiss such a muzzle as that? Take your phiz out of that, boy! to the man with the show-box. It's queerer than any of his trapsticks. Why, man, you're mistaken entirely, now. Your mouth was never made for kissing, you may credit me."

"Ah, Mary, jewel! one kiss is all I'll ax of

you—'pon my sowl I'm only shutting up my mouth to hide my laughing, you're so funny, somehow."

"You're only shutting up your mouth to hide your teeth," retorted Mary; "for you know there 's no use in showing them where you can't bite."

This sarcasm nettled the poor lover, who disdainfully retreated to a large stone, upon which he took his seat in doleful sort, with his face to the river and his back to the maiden, as a mark of his wounded pride and sensibility.

"You'll plase to excuse my back, cruel Mary," said he, in a tone of mingled pathos and resentment.

"Excuse your back!" retorted the inexorable girl, "to be sure and I'll excuse it—ten times sooner than I would excuse your face."

"Mary! Mary! this is too bad entirely!" cried the swain starting up in a passion; "since this is the way, I must only cut and run."

"With all my heart," responded Mary, "provided you don't cut and come again."

Jerry marched off in high dudgeon. Mary, delighted to get rid of him, resumed her task, and the song with which she soothed her cow, apparently unconscious of the formidable bullying she had just bestowed with such success upon her luckless lover. I could not refrain from heartily laughing at the masterly style in which she had routed him, and the total unconcern with which she recommenced her occupation. I stepped from my hiding place; she looked around, and immediately guessing that I had overheard her recent colloquy, her beautiful eyes lighted up with a glance of arch and humorous intelligence.

"And wasn't I right?" said she; "the ugly rogue is always pestering me to kiss him. Such impudence! 'deed I've no notion of it! more especially a fellow that's more like a monkey than a Christian!"

"Why, Mary, if every girl is equally cruel,

the poor fellow will never get any one to marry him. Sure that would be a hard case!"

"Not at all," answered Mary; "let him marry some girl with an outlandish face like his own, and then they can't reproach each other with the want of beauty. But to pester any raisonable, Christianable girl the way he pesters me—why now, Mr. John, I suppose you must think me ill natured for saying what I said to him; but indeed and 'deed I wouldn't like to hurt his feelings, and it's often and often I prayed him and begged him to let me alone; and since he wouldn't do it for civility, why I hope I'm not to blame for giving him a piece of my mind, for indeed I couldn't help it, he vexed me so."

"So," said I, "you object to his ugliness? now what a conceited piece of goods you must be, since I suppose you think yourself too pretty to marry him."

"Who? I?" said Mary with an air of vacant wonder. "Too pretty to marry him? why now, 'pon my word, I never thought of

that. There never was a looking-glass inside my mother's house except a little thing that makes my face look crooked—I dress my cap in it on Sundays, and indeed I'm no beauty in *that*," she added laughing, and with an air of such artless simplicity that I felt convinced there was not a particle of coquetry in Mary's disclaimer. "No—it wasn't that, tho' I'm sure I'm a deal better looking than *he* is." (In this opinion I fully coincided.) "And if an honest boy was only raisonably ugly, why I wouldn't say a word against taking him to please my mother, for she'd wish before she dies to see me settled. But Jerry's face is past all bounds, I'm sure you must confess; you'd cut a better face on the top of a stick, or on a turnip."

"Well then, Mary, it is your nicety of taste that occasions your refusal of poor Jerry."

"I'll tell you exactly how it is with me, Sir. I'd like to love my husband, as an honest woman ought, better than any body else in the whole world; and how could I love such a creature as that? It wouldn't be doing him

justice to marry him, and there 's the reason, now, that I've nothing to say to him."

So saying, she rose, having finished her task, and carried the pail into her mother's little dairy. I gazed upon her light and graceful form, which was brightened by the evening sunbeams. "Dear, innocent Mary!" I could not help mentally exclaiming, "who would not be a peasant boy with such a wife!" With my heart full of Mary, and my head full of schemes—I will confess it—to effect, if possible, a private marriage with her, guarded so well as to obviate all danger of discovery, I wended towards the house. There the first tones that met my ear, were the long unbroken *sostenuto* of my uncle Henry's voice, engaged, I did not doubt, in one of his interminable lectures. As soon as I entered the parlour—

"There, my boy," said the old gentleman, pointing to a letter which lay on the table, "you may hold a high head for the future in the market of women. The fish will bite the

fly! the girls will bite the bauble—you may pick and choose among them now, my boy!"

This rhapsody was quite unintelligible, until my grandmother explained. "Your uncle's hopes," said she, "are far too sanguine. That letter is from your grandfather. He merely states that he has received the offer of a peerage from the Secretary, provided he will always give his votes in the Lords to the government. He adds that he has declined the offer."

"Declined the devil!" said my uncle impatiently, "he's no such fool I promise you. Why he always was considered a sensible man—a particularly sensible man. And now in the end of his days, when the making of his fortune, and that of all his family is thrown into his lap, will he turn out an idiot and reject it? I'll engage for one that he won't. Decline the offer indeed! I would stake a thousand pounds that 's only a bit of political coquetry. Why, Jack, the title he was offered had remainder to *you*, my boy. And even if it hadn't, there was the honour of being a lord's grandson."

"I assure you, my dear," said my grandmother, perceiving that my countenance expressed much anxiety, "Mr. Herbert will never be a peer on the terms upon which the title has been offered—and on any other terms they would not give him the title. So do not form any prospects of ambition on this letter. I should be sorry indeed," added the old lady, rising proudly, "that Mr. Herbert's honour and integrity should fade before the false glitter of a peerage, or that he should bind himself to vote against his country for the sake of being called 'my lord.' Peerages, thus acquired, are badges of infamy, not of honour; and I think that both your grandfather's ancestry and mine place us quite above all occasion for such a disgraceful distinction."

Thus saying, she quitted the room with the air of a princess, and shortly afterwards went to the library.

"Damn it, but I think Mrs. Herbert's gone mad!" said Mr. Henry Grant, after a pause; "stark mad! stark mad! to let your grand-

father lose such an offer, and even to approve of his refusal! Why, Jack, it's enough to drive Saint Peter frantic! I could not be more vexed if you went and married a milkmaid!"

I started at this random hit: my feelings were painfully confused between love and the flutter of ambition. I made a hasty retreat, and followed Mrs. Herbert to the library. She had just concluded a brief letter to her husband, and taking off her spectacles, began to converse on the subject of the Secretary's offer, with the air of calm dignity that always accompanied even her most trivial actions.

"I have written to Mr. Herbert, my dear, and I have told him I consider him perfectly right. I have seldom spoken to you, John, on political subjects, because it is not the province of a woman; but there are duties of which no man should be ignorant, and as your father and uncle *do not*" (she did not say *cannot*) "give you all the instruction I could wish, I cannot refrain from telling you that God has placed us in our native land as sentinels, as guardians,

to protect her honour and prosperity, and never was there a country that required more the guardian care of honest citizens than Ireland. The base wretch who sells the prosperity of millions by a venal vote in parliament, is far more guilty in the sight of heaven than he who merely defrauds an individual. I thank my God that your grandfather has risen superior to the bribe. But I knew that he would do so. He is a man of inflexible integrity. I should have sunk with shame into the earth, if any emoluments or honours THEY can bestow, could have warped him from his duty to his country. My dear boy, I have always taught you to love God above all things, and I will now add, that you cannot love him without loving the land in which he has placed you. Love Ireland—love her with all your strength—and never turn traitor to the land that gave you birth. Your first breath was drawn in Ireland; from her you derive whatever you possess of happiness, of comfort, of respectability, and at last you will repose in her mould. Oh! when that hour ar-

rives, I trust that she will not take to her bosom a recreant son, but one whose best blood would have freely flowed in defence of her liberty and glory!"

The noble old woman's countenance brightened, as she spoke, with the high and enthusiastic devotion she inculcated. She has long since been numbered with the dead; and the warmest wish of which the writer's breast is conscious, is that her spirit may now be enjoying everlasting felicity in the bosom of that God, whose word was her study, and whose service was her constant aim, while she lingered upon earth!—Peace be with her! Peace be with her!

My heart was expressly formed by nature to receive her lessons; and I felt more honest pride in possessing such venerable relatives as my affectionate instructress and Mr. Herbert, than if their brows had been laden with all the coronets that regal iniquity had ever conferred upon subservient corruption.

"My uncle thinks differently from you,

ma'am," said I. In speaking thus, I touched, not perhaps altogether unintentionally, on her weak point.

"Mr. Henry Grant, my dear, is a person of comparatively low origin, and although there are certainly some splendid exceptions to the rule among the lower ranks, yet I have often remarked that high and noble sentiments are chiefly to be found among persons of distinguished descent."

"And is *your* descent particularly high, ma'am?"

"My dear, my ancestors belonged to the most distinguished Scotch and Irish families. I am an Erskine, descended from the house of Mar, whose earldom was granted in 1066, and who were ennobled long before that period. My Irish ancestors were O'Bryans and O'Neills; most ancient and illustrious names. I trust I shall never disgrace them."

"But my granduncle Henry, ma'am? I thought our family were respectable."

"Yes, child, respectable farmers; gentlemen-

farmers, as they call it. Their property is not even their own; they hold it by lease at a trifling head-rent."

"But who were we, ma'am? or where did we come from?"

"My dear, your family does not count kindred with the *respectable* Grants; they belonged to a clan who adopted that name in the Highland valley of Glenliddel, and who lived there as caterans, that is, highway robbers, for centuries: they then decamped to England, and robbed every body there who would let them; they had a much better harvest than in Scotland, as the people had more to be robbed of. Three or four of them came to Ireland in the reign of Elizabeth, as common horse-soldiers, or troopers, and in the turmoil of those times, contrived to get possession of some property. One of them got the estate of Gortigrane, in 1637, and a younger son of his took the ground your father now holds for a term of fifteen hundred years at a nominal head-rent. That's *your* pedigree. It is rather an undignified

one, but I earnestly hope you may supply in nobility of mind what you want in descent. Apropos, of your father's relations; he is cousin to that mysterious jacobin and rebel, Murrough O'Driscoll, and speaking of him, I would observe to you, that much as I love patriotism I hate anything approaching to rebellion, for it always defeats its own object; pray avoid your cousins, the O'Driscolls."

I remained silent, my pride rather humbled by the lesson I had got about my pedigree. Love silently stole in to comfort me; if my birth be not high, said I to myself, I have the less to lose in marrying my beloved Mary.

CHAPTER IV.

> "Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn,
> Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn;
> From the side of some hoar hill,
> Through the greenwood echoing shrill."
>
> MILTON.

THERE are few scenes more cheerful than the social breakfast which precedes a shooting excursion on a clear November morning. The blazing fire on the hearth, the steaming tea-urn on the table, the more substantial fare that greets the eye from yonder side-board; the well furbished double-barrelled guns which the younger sportsmen—peradventure too reckless of ceremony—have placed within a couple of yards of the lady's chair, are all objects indispensably characteristic of the gleeful scene. Then, seated on his haunches near his master's chair, may be seen many "a good dog and

true," whose grave, sagacious and expectant visage is ever and anon turned upwards to watch for the morsels of buttered toast which the sportsmen occasionally throw him. The animal seems to be aware that his presence is rather connived at than permitted, in especial if the presiding dame be somewhat of matronly aspect, and rather past the bloom of early youth; while, as if to remind his master that all stray morceaux will be thankfully received, he sometimes ventures to flap the Brussels carpet with his well furnished feathery tail. Then, what serious and anxious discussions arise, concerning the best covers for game! What debates whether stubbles or copses should first be attacked! Such was the mirthful, heart-stirring scene, presented in the breakfast room of Kilnaflesk, one morning in the winter of 1792. My grandmother had gone to Dublin, and her absence relieved the younger sportsmen of all feeling of restraint, so that we soon became noisy enough in our joyful anticipations of the day's amusement.

LIBRARY

Among the jovial party was one of "my cousins the O'Driscolls," with whom, it may be recollected, Mrs. Herbert had cautioned me against forming any intimacy. What the precise nature of her prejudices might be, I could not discover; certain it is that many persons shared them. A degree of caution was observed in forming their acquaintance; and whenever their name was mentioned in their absence, it was usually followed by a significant compression of the speaker's lips, and a shake of the head. Their father had possessed a paternal estate of £2000 a year. He had squandered it, and sold his hereditary residence, leaving his sons to shift for themselves. Turned adrift upon the world, they had all shown considerable ingenuity, not only in acquiring a livelihood, but in supporting a certain appearance of style and expense. The gentleman whose presence at Kilnaflesk I have mentioned, was said to have kept up three servants in magnificent liveries, nine first-rate hunters, two travelling carriages, and a cabriolet, with-

out any visible means whatsoever. Whether this story were true or false, it was plain that the person thus spoken of must necessarily be an extraordinary personage, and something resembling a sensation was excited in our neighbourhood, when it was announced that Mr. Murrough O'Driscoll, after an absence of four or five years in England, had come to take possession of the house of Glannatour, which, with its domain, extremely picturesque but not very valuable, had recently devolved to him by the death of some distant relative.

Glannatour was a residence perfectly in character with the mysterious person who had now become its occupant. The house was extremely large, and perched on the summit of a high and woody hill, which was generally wreathed in clouds and mists while the winter months lasted. Beneath the mansion yawned a dark, deep, and precipitous glen, down which the avenue wound in traverses, under the sable shade of silver firs of gigantic size. Nothing could possibly be more sombre and funereal

than the appearance of the house and place. If Mr. Murrough O'Driscoll had ever exhibited the flashy equipages he was said to have once displayed, he had parted with them all before he took up his abode at Glannatour. There his whole stud consisted of one good active hunter, of which he was so fond that he regularly groomed him himself.

I had seldom met my cousin Murrough, and my curiosity regarding his character was strongly excited by the mystery that seemed to encircle his name. His manners appeared to possess the highest polish, which was the more remarkable from his being placed in contrast with the uncouth country squires with whom he associated in our neighbourhood. There seemed to exist an intuitive free-masonry between Murrough and me. We became intimate at once, and without any preliminary grades or gradations of confidence.

I should not omit to mention that one of our guests at Kilnaflesk on the morning alluded to, was Conolly, the county member. His va-

nity at being possessed of this distinction was great; he considered himself the first man upon earth. Sometimes this worthy legislator would descend to colloquial familiarity, from which, however, the slightest allusion to parliamentary affairs was certain to recall him to the full assumption of his usual importance. Then he would tell, with a manner the most pompous, how he had voted upon questions past, and how he proposed voting upon those to come. Murrough, whose powers as a mimic were unrivalled, excelled in his imitation of this gentleman, and sometimes ran off into a strain of fanciful ridicule, in which he preserved to admiration the dull, prosing, self-important style of his original.

"What a humbug!" said he. "To send such pompous blockheads into parliament! fellows that can do nothing but mischief, and can't even do that well! To be sure they do it effectually, but still they are clumsy workmen. Now why don't people send such fellows as *I*

am into parliament? There would be some sense in that."

"You!" repeated I. "Are you mad?"

"Wait a while, my good fellow," replied Murrough, "and you shall see whether I am mad or no. You don't know me yet. I shall stand for this county—ay, and be returned for it too, when nobody thinks of it. Sir, I shall astonish my enemies. Friends I have few, or none. But I care not. If they do not love me, they shall fear me. I pique myself on being able to do anything or everything that mortal man can do. In the stable I am groom and farrier; in the field I am always the best jockey and best sportsman; in the ball-room I would venture to rival La Pique; at cards I am a very Hoyle; stick me in the pulpit, and never preached a better parson; on the stage, I am *au fait* at farce, comedy, tragedy, melodrame; my voice is in itself a whole orchestra, flutes, big drums, and all! In the kennel my abilities are prominent; there

never was a dog I could not make, worm, or cure; in the drawing-room I am a Chesterfield; at fair, market, or pattern, I can box, wrestle, cudgel, or play quarter-staff with any man; on the hustings, believe me, I should be omnipotent; and in parliament I should be—the devil!"

I laughed.

"Well, well, only wait," said Murrough; "you may laugh now, but time will tell. *Fan go foil*, as our family motto says; wait a while, and you shall see if I will not astonish the world!"

This conversation had necessarily been rather apart: and just as I was going to make some observation on Murrough's ambitious intentions, the gentlemen rose from the table, and we all went forth in quest of the day's sport. The party set out towards a neighbouring wood; the sharp frosty air was exhilarating; the sun shone bright, and every branch and bush glittered with the dew-drops that rested on the gossamer film the tree-spider wove.

The dogs ran along with their noses to the ground, and soon reached a large stubble adjoining the wood, in a corner of which was a promising old quarry-hole, quite overgrown with tall furze and brambles. Here, after puzzling awhile in the neighbourhood, the dogs, six in number, unanimously came to a stiff set. The sportsmen ranged themselves on the edge of the quarry-pit, in full expectation of a splendid covey of partridges, which Shane Mahony, a youthful attendant of mine, assured me were frequently seen feeding in the stubble, and had often been flushed from that cover. Some anxious moments passed, when instead of the expected covey, a large old hare started out of his form, and made for a hill at the rear of the wood. Five guns were immediately discharged at the hare, more from the spiteful feeling of disappointment and annoyance—well known to all sportsmen in similar cases—than from any wish to bag the tough old fugitive. When the smoke cleared away, the hare was discerned almost at the top of

the hill, having escaped quite unhurt from the formidable volley of artillery. "Blur-an-agers!" cried one of the attendants, who was privileged by length of service; "look at the ould rogue of a hare safe and sound on the top of the hill, running quiet and asy, as much as to say, 'To the devil I pitches such sports-men!' Faith, I'll engage he's laughing at ye all, if we only were near enough to see. 'Pon my conscience, it's elegant sporting! five guns, by dad! at one ould hare, and ne'er a one able to hit him! By gor the poor dogs look non-plushed, with their tails between their legs, as if they were ashamed of their masters!"

The sportsmen, as may be imagined, looked foolish enough, and were glad to take shelter beneath the apology of one of the markers, who said that the hare which had escaped was an ould *colliaheen*, impervious to leaden shot or bullets, and supposed to be gifted by the good people, alias the fairies, with the power of resisting the ordinary attacks of the sports-man. We may remark, *en passant*, that so

prevalent is this superstition among the less enlightened portion of the peasantry, there is scarcely a plough-land in Ireland which does not possess a *colliaheen* wholly proof against powder and shot.

Murrough O'Driscoll was, as usual, prompt, alert, and quite alive to the sport. He appeared to neglect the easier shots purposely, as requiring too little exertion; he always reserved his aim for the more difficult, and invariably brought down his game. At length he seemed tired of success.

"Come," said he, "I think I have shown these rustic gentry I can beat them hollow at their own game. I'll let them have it all to themselves for the rest of the day. Now, I assure you the fools would feel jealous, and hate me even worse than they do, if I kept up a constant exhibition of superiority, contemptible as such a rivalry is. There! look at poor Conolly, our county *mimber!* I think he has fired twenty-seven shots since we came out, and he hasn't killed anything. His obse-

quious toady, Pat Lawlor, yields to him the honour of every doubtful shot, and the legislator thinks he has demolished a bagful. Pat takes care the shots shall be doubtful; for whenever the senator hoists up his engine, Pat keeps his own in readiness to let off. Look, now! O really that's rather too broad! The legislator has hit the corn-stack, Pat has brought down the bird, and compliments his honourable patron on his prowess! Well, really we ought to say something civil to poor Conolly. Upon my word, Mr. Conolly, you monopolize all the sport—you are a formidable foe to the poor partridge; but I hope you will, at least, leave a few for breed."

The tone of perfect gravity in which this compliment was paid, completely imposed on the senator, who smiled and chuckled at the praise excited by his prowess. Lawlor cast a jealous glance at Murrough, as if he feared he was trying to rival him in his patron's good graces. Murrough saw, without appearing to see, the jealous, apprehensive look, and imme-

diately turned to me with a glance expressive of the amusement he felt at having excited the fears of the parasite. Soon afterwards the party diverged into different directions. Murrough and I pursued our way through the wood, to the borders of a lake on the western side of the domain. A boat, in which there were a few fishermen, had just put off from the shore;—we called to the steersman to bring to, in order that we might join them, and in a few minutes we were quietly seated in the stern. Ranger, my spaniel, jumped into the lake, and swam rapidly after us.

"We treated poor Ranger very ill," said Murrough, "in not waiting for him—he will punish us for our incivility by shaking a shower-bath out of his coat upon our clothes."

At this instant a flock of wild ducks, flushed from their marshes by some of the sportsmen, flew over the wood and lake, passing so near our little boat that the shots I discharged from both barrels at the airy troop, were fatal to four of their number. Down fell the birds upon the

water, which was tinged with their blood; while some of them, not yet quite dead, eluded the pursuit of Ranger by diving whenever he approached them.

"By dad," said the steersman, who took a warm interest in the sport, "the dog will never catch the craturs—he's bothered now they've scatthered on him."

"Never fear," said I, jealous of Ranger's reputation; "he knows his business well—there 's no fear but he'll show trade, Diarmeen."

The spaniel had now succeeded in securing two of the birds in his mouth, when a third, nearly exhausted, rose for air to the surface, quite close to him. The sagacious dog, aware, as it would seem, that the dead birds would quietly await his leisure, dropped them from his mouth and seized the other, which he instantly deprived of life, and then let fall on the water with her dead companions.

"We'll row out to the birds, and pick them up if your honour pleases," said the steersman.

"No, no," said Murrough hastily; "Ranger

must have all the honour of the exploit to himself."

"Faith, he'll have a tight job enough of it," replied the steersman; "I'll be bound he can't ketch the other duck. See! by dad, there she 's up again upon the wing, and off wid her! flying as light as a lark! Oh, master John, if I was you I'd soon up wid my gun and knock the capers out of her."

I had now re-loaded my gun, and held it presented at the wild duck, which flew, or rather fluttered for a few yards near the surface of the water; but so slowly as by no means to justify the fears of her escape entertained by the steersman. Ranger followed in close chase, occasionally trying to spring from the water at the bird, who always foiled him by suddenly turning. At length she dropped, and Ranger darted forward to seize her, when she once more baffled him by diving deep below the surface.

"Troth now, it 's a pretty even match between the pair of them," said one of the boat-

men; "it isn't often we see such a hunt on either land or water."

The duck soon rose again, and I augured from the very short time she had been able to remain below the water, that Ranger would soon secure his prize.

"By gor," said the steersman, as Ranger swam about to collect the other birds with the duck in his mouth, "I must say that I never seen decenter behaviour from either dog or jontleman. Here he is, by dad! making up to us with his welcome in his mouth—a very decent dog, upon my song!"

Room was made for Ranger, whose face expressed important gravity (if the face of a dog be capable of any expression). The four ducks hung from his mouth by the necks; we helped him into the boat, and he dropped them at my feet, shaking the water from his coat so plentifully as to cover us both with the drops. The report of a gun was now heard from behind a thicket on the farther shore of the lake, and two or three dogs appeared at intervals among the bushes.

"I'd wager an oar to a bogstick," said Diarmeen, "that them's the mimber's dogs. I'd know the white spaniel bitch a mile off, and a beautiful cratur she is. It 's a pity that the like of him should have such elegant dogs, for he 's such a divil of a botch at gun-shooting, he 's rather more likely to shoot the dogs than the birds."

As Murrough did not feel any particular wish to rejoin the sportsmen, we steered to a different part of the shore, and reached Kilnaflesk with our bags full of game about dinner time.

CHAPTER V.

"Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither,
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
And aye the ale was growing better."

TAM O'SHANTER.

If the breakfast which precedes a sporting expedition be a jovial scene, not less so is the dinner which follows it. My father was the soul of hospitality, and the cordial expression of his broad, good-humoured, handsome Irish face, evinced the pleasure he derived from the presence of his friends at Kilnaflesk. On this occasion, indeed, there were not many of our group who could boast of very brilliant conversational powers, but the fox-hunting squires

who were present were far better able to enjoy the noisy mirth, the boisterous jest, than the more refined colloquial pleasures of intellect. On one point, a perfect unanimity existed among all; namely politics. The sapient legislator was a red-hot Orangeman; and his sentiments were shared, though with some mitigation, by my father. In the bosoms of nearly all the rest of our party they found a cordial echo.

Captain Grant, however, sometimes affected a degree of Orange zeal he was far from experiencing, in order to *draw out* the legislator, whose displays of political wisdom on all such occasions were amusing enough.

"The devil's in our modern patriots," said my father; "give you my honour I can't tell what they're about. Upon my honour I can't—I can't, upon my honour. What does this emancipation mean, Mr. Conolly? As for me, I decidedly think those d——d papists have got quite too much power already."

"Why, Captain Grant," responded the se-

nator, "I do most solemnly protest and avow, that I never was fully able to comprehend the full bearings yet, and object, of this so-called measure of emancipation. Emancipation, say I, and all that, may be well, very well in the abstract—but come to the practice—I'm a practical man, Captain Grant—I'm none of your visionary theorists.—Well now, say I, suppose emancipation passed, and granted, and all that, to our three or four millions of papists, where the devil are the creatures to be emancipated to?"

"Oh, by my oath that 's a poser!" cried Lawlor, (the legislator's parasite,) with a grin of huge admiration and delight; "Grattan, and Curran, and the rest of them may argue the matter with all their fine flowers of eloquence, when one plain practical question from our county mimber knocks all their botheration to shivers!"

"Exactly so, upon my honour!" said my father, enjoying the legislator's evident self-satisfaction not a little; "where are the poor

devils to be emancipated to? I'll warrant you that's more than all your patriots are able to tell. One straightforward knock-'em-down question such as that, sets the matter at rest. But, sir, if you'll pardon the liberty I take, there was one of your votes in the house we did not like. I give you my honour I couldn't credit my eyesight, Mr. Conolly, when I read your name among the list of the fellows that wanted to raise the price of whiskey last session. I couldn't believe it, 'pon honour and word."

"Sir," replied the member of parliament, "there were reasons and motives for that vote, which, I feel a perfect and complete conviction, would justify my conduct in the sight of my constituency. You know, my good sir, that let them put whatever duty they please on the whiskey, the devil couldn't hinder you from getting rivers of pottheen just for nothing at all—and we all like it better than parliament stuff."

"All that may be true," rejoined my father; "but if the blue sky above our heads was a

still, and rained nothing but pottheen, I don't see what excuse it is for *you* to have voted, 'pon my soul, in such a way as to raise the price of any sort of spirits."

"Sir," replied the senator, resuming the full dignity of his manner, which he had suffered to drop into colloquial familiarity, "I shall narrate the entire proceeding in the most circumstantial, methodical, and circumbendential manner. I know you will acquit me when the facts are stated. Sir, I presume you are aware that that subservient creature of the ministry, Hutchins, engaged in a most unwarrantable dispute with me upon the Curragh, about the pedigree of my sorrel gelding Lickplate. Lickplate's dam was Kitty Fisher, by Rowzer, out of Towzerella, grandsire Rumbleberry, by Trumpeter, out of Queen Elizabeth. Lickplate's sire was Rattletrap, got by Holofernes, out of Mrs. Siddons. Sir, the descent was as well attested, and as authentic a descent as any in the Heralds' Office. Well, sir, Hutchins had

the matchless brass to insinuate a doubt of its correctness on the side of the dam. Well you may stare, sir! I made a solemn vow upon the spot, sir, that I never again would divide in the house with the place-hunting rascal! So Hercules and Corny, and the rest of the castle gentry, heard it. In fact I quite made a bravado of the thing. Well, sir, in process of time the question of the spirit duties came on: as usual I took my nap upon the benches while the pros and the cons were debating. The tellers were Grattan and O'Hara, and that impertinent fellow Cornelius gave me a shove, exclaiming at the same time, 'Vote with us, won't you?' before the sleep was half out of my eyes; 'Hutchins has played us a trick, and voted *against* the spirit duties.' 'Did he?' exclaimed I, recollecting my vow, 'then by all that's merry I'll vote *for* them.' So they had me down among the ayes in a space inconceivably short. And now, Captain Grant, I appeal to you as a man of sense and honour—as a prac-

tical man, Captain Grant—when the facts of the case are fully known, don't you think that my conduct stands honourably justified?"

"Certainly, certainly," said my father.

"Certainly, certainly," said the whole company.

"And now, Mr. Lawlor," said my father, "give us a song—one of your rattling, jolly songs, my boy—the wine stands, Mr. Murrough O'Driscoll—come, Mr. Lawlor, your song, my old fellow."

Lawlor cleared his throat, and with the self-sufficient air of a practised droll, sang one of those matchless productions of mingled fun and nonsense which are only to be found in Ireland.

"Hurrups, boys! push the bottle about!
I'll sing you the best song ever you seen, a;
It's of a jolly wench, bould and stout,
I'm sure you've all heard of her—Nora Creina.

"Who are you that walk this way,
So like the empress Dejanira?
Is it true, as people say,
That you're the famous Sheela na Guira?

"Or are you the great Pompēy,
Or England's queen, famed Tilburina?
Are you Dido or Doctor Magee?—
O no, I'm not, I'm Nora Creina!"

CHORUS.

"Didn't you ever hear of me?
I'm from the town of Skibbereena,
Where there's glee and good strong tea,
Sure I'm the famous Nora Creina!

"Who are you that ask my name?—
Pluto, Neptune, Julius Cæsar?—
Are you Venus of great fame?
Or are you bould ould Nebuchadnezzar?

"Mayhap you're Nosey Tisdall, or
Mac Carthy More, (the Skellimish Mac,)
Dindy, or Cherokee-Pistol, or,
Jupiter Ammon or Paddy Whack?

"May be you are Plutarch stout,
Or brave ould Juno, gay and hearty—"
"Troth my lad, your eye is out,
For I'm Napoleon Bonaparty!"

"Will you dine with me to-day?
I'll lend yourself a horse and crupper:
And lest you should refuse to stay,
I'll tell you who you'll meet at supper.

"M'Gillycuddy of the Reeks,
O'Donoghoe Glin and the Duke of Gloucester:
Bryan Maguire and Bryan O'Linn,
Oliver Cromwell and brave Jack Foster!

"Charley Fox and Billy Pitt,
Granna Uaile so smart and limber,
The blessed Saint Patrick and Buffer Tom Tit,
And Conolly's squire, our county mimber!

"Come, your sowl! it 's Friday night,
And by the same token there's plenty of fish;
There's keadh mhile faltha, and whiskey bright,
There's an elegant whale and three sprats on the dish!"

"Oh no, my heart! I cannot stay!
I must dine with the Queen of Morocco, my honey—
Troth only for that, the people say,
Ould Nora would have been Mistress Buony."
CHORUS, &c.

"Bravo! bravo!" resounded from all corners. "I give you my honour, Mr. Lawlor," said captain Grant, "you're in astonishing voice to-night—astonishing, upon my honour. Here's to your health and song, Mr. Lawlor—'pon my soul you're a great fellow—give you my honour you are—Billabeen O'Hyna* was nothing to you."

The conversation now turned on the difficulties our representative had encountered in carrying his election, the interests that had

* An itinerant minstrel.

been arrayed against him, and the masterly manner in which he had overcome all obstacles. Great praise was bestowed upon my father for his share in securing the triumph of our member, whose seconder he had been.

"Positively, Captain Grant," said Conolly, "your speech was grand on that occasion—absolutely grand. Gentlemen, my worthy friend, the captain, did not encumber his oration with any of the long-winded argumentation which your speechifiers generally take a foolish sort of pride in showing off. Gentlemen, he spoke with military brevity—he was terse, concise, and to the point. He spoke like a practical man, and a practical man is what I like of all things. 'Boys,' said the captain, 'I have the high honour to second the nomination of my friend Mr. Conolly; because, boys, he is a man who never troubles his head about politics, or nonsense of that sort; but he lives at home among us, keeps a rattling pack of foxhounds, is good to the poor, and gives the best claret and venison to be had for love or

money.' Now that's what I call a practical speech. I reiterate, gentlemen, the captain was grand on that occasion. There's the way to speak to people's feelings. It was glory upon earth to hear the multitudinous hurrahs that resounded through the court-house, and re-echoed through the mountains."

"It was, upon my honour! I give you my honour it was!" said Captain Grant, delighted at this flattering reminiscence of a circumstance that recalled to his mind the hospitable jollifications with which the day had ended; "I assure you, that other fellow" (meaning the opposite candidate) "looked wonderfully nonplussed when I opened at them; he had actually persuaded himself I would support him! Up to the moment of the contest he was sure of me, upon my honour."

"At all events," said Murrough, "it must have been extremely consoling to his wounded feelings, to reflect that your unexpected desertion did not proceed from any personal hostility to himself, but merely from your high admira-

tion of Mr. Conolly's fox-hounds, claret, and venison."

"Why," said Lawlor, "the gentleman was wholly unworthy of Captain Grant's support. He sides with those liberal politics, as they call them—emancipation and reform. I don't at all approve of that side of the question—there's nothing to be made by it; d—n the penny! I'm decidedly opposed to it—I'll always stick to the loyal and constitutional party, the good old Orange principle, eh, Mr. Conolly?"

The senator grunted a careless acquiescence.

As the vinous influence increased, the jovial set became more noisy and incoherent in their talk; Conolly twaddled about elections, and the unrivalled exploits of his dog Boxer; Lawlor swore that his horse Cocktail had carried the legislator over a ten foot wall; Conolly narrated a bet he had made with the parson of the parish, touching Boxer's capabilities; "Upon my credit, gentlemen—hiccup—I was done out of a cool fifty by that reverend person

—as neatly—hiccup—as anything was ever touched off. Gentlemen, I solemnly asseverate —hiccup—I betted with the parson, that he would not swallow, at a sitting, a tumbler of punch for every hit that Boxer should make in the day—hiccup. Gentlemen, the important day arrived; on my sacred honour as a gentleman, and member of Parliament—hiccup—Boxer made eighteen hits, and the parson—hiccup—punished nineteen tumblers of stiff toddy. An exploit, give me leave to assert, altogether unparalleled in the annals of inebriety; but the parson is a practical man—hiccup! Gentlemen, it was grand."

"'Pon my honour it was! grand! positively grand!" said Captain Grant. "The parson's an honest fellow—he is, upon my honour. True blue to the back bone. We always play picquet for the tithes, and I beat him. An honest fellow, positively—the best creature in the world—upon my honour he is. Come, Mr. Conolly—we have had a great many loyal toasts, and you haven't given us one yet. Gen-

tlemen, Mr. Conolly's toast—are you all at home?"

A favourite toast, I should observe, among our rural politicians, had long been—"May the devil ride roughshod over all the rascals and rebels in the world." Conolly took particular pleasure in proposing this toast, so that out of compliment to him, as county representative, it was usually left in his possession. The good wine had now pretty well done its good office, and the legislator rose to announce his favourite toast with only a general recollection of its bearings.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I beg to give a toast—hiccup!—a toast, boys, a toast, a toast, a toast—hiccup! 'May the devil, you see, ride roughshod, you see, over all the whole world, you see!'"

The sapient assembly devoutly repeated this pious and patriotic toast, without being in the least aware of the blunder they were making, and drank it with rapturous applause.

"Lawlor, my man," said Captain Grant,

"your wife's in the straw; 'pon my honour we'll drink her health, and long life and a happy accouchement, and proper training, 'pon my honour, and sound constitutional principles to the youngster. Fill your glasses, gentlemen. 'Mrs. Lawlor, 'pon my honour, and all that.'"

The toast was duly honoured. The happy husband, of course, could do no less than make a speech in return.

"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I thank you all from the bottom of my heart for your very great kindness and condescension in drinking the health of Mrs. Lawlor, and a happy accouchement, and the health and proper training of the young gentleman or lady, who is now upon his or her journey into the world. Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, in return for so flattering an honour, I can do no less than say, that with such kind encouragement, I shall be unremitting in my labours to breed up young Orange patriots to add to the sound constitutional inhabitants of Ireland. Gentlemen, we

sadly want such persons. Gentlemen, I return you my thanks."

"Right, Lawlor," said Conolly; "that 's speaking like a practical man."

"Capital, 'pon my honour!" said my father. "I protest it 's hard to say whether your music or your eloquence is better. You must give us another song, Lawlor—I protest you can't get off."

Lawlor, who liked nothing so well as being thus brought into notice, immediately complied, and chaunted forth a ditty of his own composition, in praise of the felicities of fox-hunting, and the several exploits of Cocktail, Boxer, Rattler, Juno, *et id genus omne.* When our party had got sufficiently drunk they were carried to bed, with only the exception of my father, Murrough, and myself; votaries, comparatively speaking, of sobriety.

CHAPTER VI.

"He was a man
Whose crafty soul was dressed in simple speech,
Whose purpose deep wore guise of innocence;
He would discourse of idlest trifles, while
His mind was keenly fixed on deep intent."

THE COURT.

A FEW days afterwards, I made Murrough a visit at Glannatour. I found him sitting alone in his parlour, which, like the other apartments of the mansion, was large, cheerless, and almost totally unfurnished.

"Welcome, Jack," said he, advancing with great cordiality, "I'm delighted to see you here. You must dine with me to-day," he added, looking round the room with a serio-comic glance. "Let me see—yes—there *is* another chair, so you will have something to sit upon, and I shall be glad to talk some nonsense to you, *tête-à-tête*."

"I will stay," said I, "provided you can give me a bed, for I confess I would rather not encounter that tremendous, steep, winding avenue of yours in the dark; not on my own account, but on that of my horse."

"Why as to that," rejoined Murrough, "you may have half my bed and welcome, but there is not another in the house."

"Not another! why where do your domestics sleep?"

"Domestics!" he repeated; "my dear fellow they are easily accommodated—I have trained them to roost on the branches of the trees at nightfall. Indeed, I may say, they are growing rather harder to satisfy than heretofore; my groom of the chambers has given me notice he will quit my service, as the rooks have disputed his right to share their abode in the large silver fir near the hall door."

"I hope your cook is not quite so aerial a personage as the groom of the chambers," said I, "or it bodes little good for our dinner; and

jokes apart, I will not stay unless you give me something to eat."

"Well then, jokes apart, Jack, you *shall* have something to eat, and something to drink too, I promise you. And as for my domestics, since I became a rich man, comparatively speaking—that is, since I became the possessor of anything at all,—I could not afford to keep them any longer. So my entire household, sir, groom of the chambers, footmen, valets, cooks and all, are comprised in the person of Poll Sullivan, the fairy woman, who at present discharges all their functions with brilliant success."

As he spoke, the day began to lower, and dark mists soon gathered round the woody hill on which the house was situated. Murrough walked over to the window, and appeared to regard the darkening atmosphere with great satisfaction.

"Jack," said he, "we'll get our horses—I must go to Lisnacluish, and if you come too

you may see fun. This dark foggy day is quite a godsend; they'll run her in, despite the sharks—you see I don't conceal my secrets from you, Jack."

As we went down stairs, Murrough's multifarious domestic, the aforesaid Poll Sullivan, was standing in the hall.

"Mr. Grant dines here to-day," said Murrough; "have dinner at six precisely; and mind now—have something good upon the table."

"Musha where would I get it?" remonstrated the surly domestic; "there isn't a thing in the house but the could bone of mutton your honour had yesterday, and there isn't enough upon that for the pair of you."

"That's nothing to the purpose," said Murrough, peremptorily; "you'll just please to observe my commands to have a right good dinner on the table at six, and where you get it I care not. Do you think it's *my* business to forage for your larder?"

The woman indistinctly grumbled something, and Murrough and I proceeded to the stables to saddle our horses.

"Really, Murrough," said I, laughing, "I fear that our prospect of a dinner is rather a doubtful one."

"Not at all, Jack—not at all; that's only a way she has got. I'll engage she will have something good," he added, as we mounted our horses; "and perhaps, although I threatened to leave her to her own resources, *I* may not forage unsuccessfully either."

We trotted briskly on through the dark extensive woods of Glannatour, and an hour's ride brought us to the summit of a cliff overhanging the sea.

"Now look sharp," said Murrough, "and try, do you discern anything through the fog?"

"No," said I, "I cannot see thirty yards in any direction."

"Look there, you dog!" cried Murrough, pointing to a small, sheltered creek, a hundred

feet beneath us; "there 's a blue jacket below there will have news for us."

I looked down, and saw a boat with four or five men who were stepping on shore; one of them ascended the rock and approached Murrough.

"Is all right?" he asked. The sailor looked doubtfully at me.

"Oh," said Murrough, "you may say what you like before this gentleman—I'll be his bail he wo'n't peach. Where's the Bouncing Peggy, Peter?"

"She is standing out, your honour, beyond Faskill Head, and the boat came ashore to see how the land lay hereabouts."

"Never better, Peter—I've got all the sharks in limbo—every mother's whelp of them."

"Ay!" said the sailor incredulously, "how did you get alongside that?"

"By a simple deception," answered Murrough; "the waterguard were all upon parade the other day, and I got your friends Paddy

Rogers and Jerry M'Carthy to play off a mock fight on the occasion. They did it in famous style—Paddy began by calling names, and Jerry retorted—words produced blows in due course, and as both the lads handle their daddles pretty well, you may think what a larrupping they gave one another. Jerry pretended to get rather the worst of it, for Pat dealt him a very scientific cross-buttock and floored him, so he jumped up swearing the vengeance of the law at him. Now comes the beauty of the plot—the sham battle took place in the presence of the water-guard, you know, and of course *they* were all witnesses. Well, sir, we sent summonses to every mother's son of them to attend this day to give evidence touching the *row* before the most sage and worshipful magistrate, Member of Parliament, fox-hunter and blockhead, James Patrick Conolly. So all the sharks are snug out of the way, and the Bouncing Peggy has nothing to do but bounce unmolested into harbour as the tide serves—there's an excellent fog out, too."

The sailor laughed heartily at this manœuvre.

"Well, master Murrough," said he, "as the coast is clear, we'd better run ashore the cargo at once, eh?"

And receiving an approving nod from Murrough, he ran down the rock with great rapidity, re-entered the boat with the other men, and rowed out to the vessel at anchor.

"My arrangements are so well concocted," observed Murrough, "that the water-guard will be noosed for at least three hours more. He! he! he! it was really rather a good manœuvre, Jack, was it not? I could not have got them into a completer trap, for that conceited, pompous dunderhead is quite an amateur of magisterial business, and loves to exhibit his judicial authority and skill, and his cross examinations are interminable. I shan't wonder if he keeps them there till night."

"I am sorry," said I, "that we didn't go out in the jolly boat."

"For what?" replied Murrough. "Is it in order that if by any unforeseen mischance the

water-dogs *should* come down upon us, I might be found mixed up with the affair? You have no more *nous* than a child—besides we can be of much more use on shore. I have been rather a lucky dog, Jack, at this trade—it's a dangerous business, in some sense—I have not yet had many goes at it, but few as they were I have found them very profitable. Last month I had a narrow escape; the Bouncing Peggy is as like Mr. Conolly's yacht as two cherries—the preventives were lurking on the cliffs, on the outlook—my fellows ran the Bouncing Peggy into the small deep cove on the other side of Faskill Head, and as luck would have it, Conolly's yacht was at the same time doubling the headland about a mile to the left—it was just in the moon's first quarter, when that exquisite and ornamental planet looks something like a silver reaping hook. By the little light she gave, the sharks saw both the vessels—they knew that one of them must be a smuggler, having had some information, and they were marvellously puzzled as to which of the two

they should board. As my lucky stars decreed, they boarded Conolly's, and the Bouncing Peggy landed every farthing's worth of cargo unmolested. Sir, I made £3000 by that single go—it was not amiss, eh? And not the worst of it was, that our magnificent member of parliament thought proper to regard the boarding of the yacht as a personal insult to himself on the part of the water-guard, in consequence of which he owes them a spite ever since, and will worry them properly to-day—*tant mieux pour moi*, you know. Jack, out of love to you I would share my exploits with you; *you* know the risk and the profits. I think my shipmaster cheats me; it would be far more satisfactory to take the trip oneself, or to have it taken by a faithful friend. Suppose now, that you and I take it turn about and share the profits?"

"My father," said I, "would say nay to that."

"Oh, your father must know nothing about it. I do not think he keeps a strict eye to your movements at all. You are often a month or

six weeks out shooting in the mountains, or rambling somewhere, and your sire never seems to miss you, or to know where you are."

"Why, that's true indeed," I replied; "and I always decamp without asking his permission."

"Well, and why might not you as well be making pockets full of gold all the time, instead of roaming and dreaming about? Here we are, Jack, a pair of unknown, insignificant beings, on the top of a wild cliff on the sea coast; our names are scarcely heard of beyond the little circle of our residence. Is that enough to satisfy the minds of men who deserve the name of men? Shall we plod through life unknown, unnoticed, and drop into the grave and be forgotten like the beasts that perish? No, Jack! we must kick up a respectable riot of some sort that our names may be transmitted to posterity as the names of heroes, or at least of fellows that deserved to be heroes, and would have been heroes if they could. You have

talent to distinguish yourself, if you only had energy. I am brilliancy and intellect and energy all over. Sir, there is not a part of my carcase that I cannot make money of—and money is the main-spring of this world. Of my *head* I shall make money at the bar, at which I shall one day be distinguished; I shall turn my *hands* into money by my writings; of my *feet* and *legs* I once made eight hundred pounds by beating Chiverton Jem at a hopping match in Yorkshire; and *that*, let me tell you, was no trifle! Of my *seat of honour* I made eighty guineas by riding Lord Harchester's bay gelding, Waxy, at Newmarket; the knowing ones swore they never saw so magnificent a seat on the saddle. I can turn all my members into cash upon a pinch."

"It's a pity, at that rate," said I, "that you have not got more of them."

"Oh, if I had a hundred of them, Jack, I'd turn them all to account."

"But I don't believe you when you say you

wore the jacket; you never rode at Newmarket; you are going too far, my honest friend, for my credulity."

"Upon my most sacred honour," he rejoined, "I am perfectly serious; a ways-and-means man cannot be nice. Besides, our family honour was uninjured, for I called myself Jonathan Hodgson, and passed for an English jockey. I wish you had seen me offering his lordship my services;" and Murrough, with his usual incomparable imitative power, mimicked the slang tone and manner of an English jockey to perfection.

"When my father broke up house and ran off to France with an escort of half a dozen Irish princesses, we were all let loose upon society; and under the circumstances, I really think we deserve immortal credit for never having done any thing that we ought to be hanged for. Think, Jack, of a set of young men, brought up in habits of expense, with the prospect of a good inheritance, turned suddenly adrift upon the world by a father's misconduct and extrava-

gance, without sixpence to purchase a meal, or a farthing's worth of property except the clothes on our backs, and an old, spavined, broken-winded, ringhalt, mangy devil of a garron which by no small ingenuity I secured for myself from the general wreck! Jack, it was rather an unpleasant state of affairs. O! I shall never forget the ingenious exploits to which imperious necessity compelled me to keep soul and body together! And it should not be forgotten, that with my usual benevolence, my wits were as much at the service of all persons in distress as at my own. I'll tell you a story about that. Shortly after we quitted our magnificent residence near Dublin, I was riding slowly on, upon the back of the aforesaid spavined garron, without a penny in my pocket, and not with any very clear knowledge of my destination. It was early in the morning, and as I was jogging along, a countryman mounted on a stout bay nag came cantering after me.

"'Plase your honour, Sir,' said he, 'if it isn't too bould, I'd pray for you for ever if you 'd

give me a thrifle of assistance. I'm short taken for cash upon the road, and a small thing would help me for my breakfast, and to feed the baste.'

"I looked at him from head to foot; he seemed a snug, comfortable fellow, and had not the appearance of a person in need of pecuniary assistance.

"'My good fellow,' said I, 'you don't look like a man in distress—how come you to want money? What has happened you?'

"'Plase your honour,' he replied, 'I've been sharshing three counties for a horse that was stole from me, and now I'm within fourteen miles of home without finding tale or tidings of the baste, and I've spent all my money.'

"'Really,' said I, 'I have not a fraction in the world, and I have nearly a hundred and fifty miles to travel, so you are a vast deal better off, my honest fellow, than I am. But as you are hungry, and disappointed in your search, I must see if I can't get you a breakfast, and may be something else, provided you promise to go snacks with me.' The man pro-

mised faithfully to obey my directions. 'Now, my good fellow,' said I, 'the town of Kildrummy is less than a quarter of a mile before us; Mrs. Kearney, the woman at the inn, sells pottheen, and parliament whiskey without license. Do you just trot forward—get on to Mrs. Kearney's, and tell her the gauger is coming; I will bring up the rear in the character of gauger; she does not know my phiz, and I think you may reckon on a smart reward, for giving her notice of my approach. Come—be off!'

"Away jogged the fellow, delighted at the ingenuity of the scheme, and in less than half an hour I dismounted at Mrs. Kearney's door, and presenting myself at the tap, authoritatively called for a glass of whiskey.

"'Wisha, Sir,' said mine hostess, 'I declare and protest that there hasn't been a drop of sperits in the house this twelvemonth.'

"'Oh, ma'am' said I, 'you need not be afraid of me—*I'm not the gauger.*'

"This confirmed her suspicions; I promised

to call again, with very little intention however of doing so; and I pursued my way slowly, and without any very bright forebodings of the future. In ten minutes I heard a horse clattering after me, and looking round, I beheld my friend the countryman, following me at full speed, almost ready to drop from his horse with laughter, and ostentatiously brandishing between his finger and thumb a couple of half-crowns which the gratitude of Mrs. Kearney had bestowed upon him.

"'Look at *them*, Sir! look at them!' he exclaimed in high delight, 'by gor you're a bright jontleman whoever you are! She thought she could never do enough for me, for warning her to put her casks and bottles up to hide against your honour! I got as good as two pounds of hot beefsteaks for my breakfast, and a gallon of beer and a power of bread. Troth I'm made for the day now, and I'm for ever beholden to your honour for your bright ingenuity and janius. Troth as you're far from your journey's end, and in distress someway, you

shall take the couple of half crowns—I can do without them twice better than you, for I'll be at home in three hours. 'Deed I wouldn't have taken them from Mrs. Kearney at all, only she forced them on me so; and only I knew (that is, I thought) your honour was in want of them.'

"In short, Jack, necessity has no legs—I took the half crowns, and I never was so glad to get five shillings in all my life."

"Famous, Murrough!" exclaimed I. "I wish the Bouncing Peggy would make haste, though; for I am getting excessively tired of staying here."

"There now," said Murrough, "that's more of your childish impetuosity. I would remain for whole hours on the top of this rock without feeling fatigue, were it necessary; but a very little trouble goes a great way with *you*, my man. We sha'n't quit this till the vessel comes in."

"That's all very fine," observed I, "for a fellow like you, who have got a stake in the

venture. Why if *I* had a poor fifty pounds' worth of her cargo, I would keep sentry here just as indefatigably as yourself."

"Humph—there may be something in that. Well, wait a little longer at any rate—she'll soon be in. Only for this thick foggy haze, I wouldn't have allowed them to land her cargo until night, even though we have clapped all the water-guard in limbo; but weather and finesse conspire to favour our enterprise. A little patience, Jack, and we'll feast on cognac and champagne."

In compliance with his request, I exerted my patience, and in less than an hour the vessel appeared through the haze, riding in upon the tide. The cargo, consisting of bales of tobacco, boxes of fruit, casks of wine, French brandy, and some cases of champagne, was safely brought on shore, placed on cars, and covered with straw with incredible celerity and silence. No time was lost in conveying it to the place of storage which Murrough had appointed; namely, some vaults in an unfre-

quented part of Glannatour, which had been constructed by a former proprietor as the basement story of an intended mansion, and which had never been afterwards continued. The place was overgrown with furze, and all round it was thickly covered with a luxuriant growth of copsewood; so that a better place of concealment could not possibly have been selected.

When all was safely stored, Murrough rubbed his hands in ecstasy.

"I shall certainly make quite as much of this as I did of the last trip," said he. "Credit me, Jack, there is nothing like *making*, after all. A man has twice the pleasure in a fortune acquired by his own ingenuity and labour, that he has in hereditary property. Sir, all these exploits are but little preliminary steps to the darling object of my ambition, the representation of the county. You laugh—don't suppose that I mean to spend money upon it; but one acquires a certain confidence in any undertaking from the consciousness of wealth,

quite independently of laying out a farthing on the spec. Come, now to dinner," he said, turning his horse in the direction of the avenue; "my French cook will have an awful *tintamarre* if we are not in time. Bubbleen took up a small case of champagne—I promised you something drinkable, you dog! I've a very faithful set of poor fellows about me in this domain—the Browl, Shugreen-Vat, and a tattered varlet they call Bubbleen, I am sure I don't know why. But they have not a very euphonious set of names, it must be acknowledged."

It was dark long before we reached the mansion. I felt anxious to see the description of dinner Poll Sullivan's culinary genius had provided; I did not expect much from her performance.

"I believe," said Murrough, "Poll will not be the worse for our assistance—are you anything of a cook, Jack?"

"Pretty well," I replied, "for plain cookery; I don't boast much skill in the composition of ragouts or made dishes."

"Well," said Murrough, "come down and help Poll; I believe we must dress our own dinner or do without it. I will undertake to manufacture the cold bone of mutton into a harrico—can you dress beefsteaks?"

"To a miracle," said I.

"Well, we must have a trial of your skill. If Poll can boil beef or potatoes, she will think herself a Mrs. Glasse. It is only five o'clock now; we'll have dinner before six, and moreover we may enjoy the satisfaction of being our own *cuisiniers*. Allons!"

Down we went to the kitchen, and performed prodigies of culinary skill in conjunction with Poll. The result of our labours presented an incomparable harrico, (the emanation of Murrough's genius,) a beefsteak of exquisite flavour and tenderness, over which I had presided with ineffable solicitude, and a large dish of glorious red-apple potatoes, which were Poll's contribution to the dinner.

I thought everything excellent, and Murrough was most liberal of his unrivalled champagne. We talked of a thousand plans and

speculations; literature, politics, smuggling, love, &c.

"Do you think you will ever be married?" said I.

"I don't know yet," he answered; "matrimony is generally the end that people propose to their labours and adventures;

'To this complexion we must come at last.'

What do *you* think of doing in that way?"

"Why," said I, "my uncle Henry says that no woman was ever born, worth marrying except for her money."

"And is that *your* opinion?"

"Certainly not, except where the wooer is a bankrupt. In that case I think his first object should no doubt be the means of escaping from gaol."

"But will he not then be likely to encounter an imprisonment far worse than that which he avoids?"

"That depends upon taste."

"But for your part, which would you prefer?"

"I think I should dread the hymeneal prison much; it must be extremely unpleasant to spend one's whole life with a person whose presence is a source of continual annoyance, and yet there are few risks a man would not run to escape the more substantial prison of stone and mortar."

"But what do you think of a man, who, already possessed of a competency, marries a woman whom he knows he cannot like, to increase the wealth he can hardly be said to want?"

"I think such a man is unpardonable."

The hours passed rapidly away in this rambling kind of talk until bed-time.

CHAPTER VII.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream."

THOMAS MOORE.

RETURNING late on the following day to Kilnaflesk across the fields, I faced my horse at a high ditch which ran close to the brink of a stream, that formedt he boundary between our domain and a neighbouring farm. The animal shied at first; but on my facing him at it a second time, he made a desperate effort to clear it; the ditch gave way; down came my steed amidst a heap of stones and rubbish into the stream, and I was flung with my head against a sharp rock that jutted from its channel. The violence of the fall stunned me, and how long I continued insensible I do not know; but on recovering my consciousness I found myself stretched upon my bed at Kilnaflesk,

the room lighted with a solitary candle, which was shaded from my face by the bed-curtain.

As is usual in similar cases, I had at first no distinct recollection of what had occurred, nor did I perfectly know where I was. I soon became sensible that my head was supported upon some person's arm; a tear fell on my face, and a soft young cheek touched mine. With a lover's intuition I instantly felt certain that the gentle young assistant was my Mary. I stole my arm softly round her neck and clasped her to my heart.

"Oh, mother," she exclaimed to my nurse, who was sitting at the fire, "he is alive! thank heaven for it!"

The old woman immediately approached me; I had resumed my recumbent position for a moment; she uttered an exclamation of thankfulness and pleasure, and left the room to bear the tidings of my resuscitation to my father.

The interval was precious; my beloved girl was with me; her affection was strikingly evinced by her manifest solicitude; I enclosed

her young form in an embrace which she did not prevent, and whispered in her ear the anxious query,

"Mary, do you love me?"

"Better than my life," was her answer; "if I did not, I wouldn't be here." Then, as if suddenly fearful that the frank simplicity of this artless avowal was inconsistent with her maiden delicacy, she withdrew from my embrace and moved to a little distance from the bed. My head ached violently, and blood slowly trickled from the hurt I had received; but sensations of pain were unheeded amid the delicious sense of happiness derived from Mary's cordial and unpremeditated avowal of her love. It was like inward sunshine, cheering, gladdenine, fertilizing the heart; calling into life each germ of rapture—exciting those exquisitely sweet emotions which can only proceed from the consciousness that true, devoted, faithful love is fully returned by its object.

"Mary," said I, "since you love me I am happy—happier than words can tell. But O!

words indeed cannot tell my love for *you*. Dearest Mary, sooner or later I feel you must be mine, or I shall be miserable—tell me, my beloved girl, tell me—will you be my wife?"

Mary became very pale, and shading her beautiful face with her hand, remained silent for some moments, sunk in deep and anxious thought.

"My happiness is in your power, my own dearest wife!" I exclaimed; "Oh, let me call you my wife! Mary, say you will be mine!"

She slowly withdrew her hand from her face, and looking mournfully at me, "I cannot," she replied, "it would never do at all. To be sure, I love you dearly—I can't help it—but O! for that very reason I never could marry you. It would turn your father and uncle for ever against you, and I am sure it would break my heart to see you hated and neglected by them both, and may be disinherited, and all on my account. I never could bear it, and I know, and I am sure you must know, it would surely come to that."

"Not, Mary, if we were married privately; in that case my father and uncle need never know any thing about it."

"But it's seldom private matches come to good," she answered. "Whenever you'd go into company and mix among the grand folk, some beautiful lady with a fortune might catch your eye and your heart, and it's then you'd be sorry for marrying *me*. And then I'd be forgotten; or if I wasn't forgotten I'd be hated, as a bar between you and the great rich lady who might win your heart, and who, heaven knows, would have a better right to marry you than I would."

"Mary, a while ago you said you loved me better than your life. O, if those words were true, do not scorn me or refuse me. Indeed and indeed I love you better than my own life, and is it not hard that any foolish fears like those you have expressed should prevent our being joined, and happy for ever?"

"But they are not foolish fears," said she;

"I am very sure you love me now and you think you always would——"

"Provoking girl! I know I would doat upon you to the end of my days. It is not suddenly or lately I have thought of marrying you; we have always been companions and playfellows ever since we were children; I have known you as well as if you were my sister, and I have loved you a thousand times better than a sister could be loved—I have known your honest, simple, affectionate heart—I have been charmed with your arch and playful gaiety—I have seen you possessed of every kind, good feeling—I saw that you loved me much better than you knew yourself—and then your beauty—O! my beloved Mary, where could I find such a wife on the face of the earth!"

My ardent professions of attachment had their natural effect in softening Mary's obduracy, but she still expressed her fears that it would be utterly impossible to keep our marriage private for any lengthened period; "and

you know," said she, "if your father and uncle once knew of it, it's all over with us both."

"And why should it not be private?" said I. "Leave that to me, Mary—I promise you I'll manage it."

"Why, you know," said she, and she blushed most enchantingly, "it couldn't be kept secret if God pleased to send us a child."

"I'll manage to smuggle that too," said I. "And would you love our infant, Mary?"

"Why shouldn't I?" said she. "Sure wouldn't I love any thing belonging to you, besides being my own baby too?"

"And you *will* then be my own precious wife?"

"Why I have not said *that* yet," she replied; "I must first know how you mean to manage the secrecy of it, for I never will do any thing to injure or hurt you with your father or the old gentleman. I'll make up my mind by to-morrow, and we'll talk no more about it until then."

I kissed her tenderly, and the look of love

with which she regarded me, and the sigh that found its way from her bosom, told plainly the sacrifice she was making to her generous concern for my prospects in life. Steps were now heard approaching, and she quietly went over to the hearth, and was in a moment most sedulously occupied arranging the fire. Nurse entered, and informed me the gentlemen below stairs were so busily discussing some excellent champagne, a case of which had just arrived from Glannatour, that it was not unlikely they might remain another hour at their festivity; but that Mr. Henry desired her to say that when they had done drinking they would make me a visit. At length they came.

"Well, my jockey!" said Captain Grant, "I thought you were dead and buried by this time. I'm glad to see you still among the natives, though. 'Faith Jack, I always thought till now you set up for a first-rate horseman. You know, my chap, when people leap ditches on horseback, they should manage to stick somewhere between the horse's ears and tail. Give

you my honour they should. It's not good riding to fall off—upon my honour it isn't. Always thought, 'faith, you were a better jockey. I'm told you were regularly capsized, my fine fellow. 'Faith you remind me of poor Billy Harris—his wife's the white serjeant, you know, and she makes him ride, run, and drive wherever she likes, upon my honour! I fancy she wants to break his neck, for he knows no more of horses than the man in the moon! She went out riding, one day, with one of the dragoon officers—a d—d nice fellow, I assure you! and she made poor Billy drive Spanker to the gig, half a mile behind.—Spanker, you know, that if ever Old Nick was in a horse, he's in *that* horse! Well, sir, Spanker kicked and reared, and smashed the gig, and spilt Billy out upon the road and gallopped home. My lady heard Billy bellowing and roaring, and rode back with her bold dragoon, 'pon my honour, and gave him the devil to eat for letting Spanker run away. 'Why, sweetheart, what could I do?' said poor Billy, '*I* wanted to go

one way, and Spanker wanted to go *another* way, and as we couldn't agree, he smashed the gig and ran off with himself.' I suppose, Jack, that you and your hunter wanted to go different ways to-day, and fell out about the matter, and accordingly he spilt you in the river and bruised your rattletrap upon the stones. You've lost a good booze by it, give you my honour; for we've been drinking some elegant champagne your cousin Murrough sent us over before dinner. On my word it was choice stuff—'pon my honour it was! Wonder on earth where he got it!"

"I am sure so do I," said my uncle; "he hardly can have smuggled it, I think, for if he did, one couldn't but hear of it one way or another. Buy it honestly I'll swear he didn't, for the fellow's as poor as a rat; he has not got a chair to sit down upon at Glannatour. Murrough's a mysterious sort of being—one does not know what on earth to make of him, and yet when one knows him he isn't a bad fellow either. He's a devilish clever fellow too—he

can worm dogs, and play the flute, and paint card-racks, and mend cracked china; there was a splendid dragon jar of Mrs. O'Kelly's that her husband broke to vex her, and Murrough patched it like a graduate. Mrs. O'Kelly has been raving about him ever since; O'Kelly should look to it."

"He can do more than that," said my father; "in my opinion he is up to all that ever man was up to—there is nothing too large or too small, or too deep or too shallow for Murrough, 'pon my honour."

"Jack," said my uncle, "did he give you anything to eat at Glannatour—had you any sort of dinner there?"

"A capital one, Sir, only we had to dress it ourselves, for it was a peg above old Poll's skill."

"Humph—I would not give much for your cookery. See what it is to keep an old woman like Poll—now, if he had a young one like your little Mary Sheridan here, how much better he could manage. Mary, my girl, are

any of the boys looking out for you? I suppose you'll be marrying some of these days."

"None of them asked me, Sir, but Jerry Riley with the ugly mouth, and nobody, you know, would take that fellow."

"I protest you're a nice young lady, and mighty hard to please. Jerry is twice too good for you. I wonder you had not the sense to snap at such luck when it offered. Well became the like of you to turn up your nose at Jerry's mouth! It's hard to say what the world will come to when such minxes take airs! You must have fortune, beauty, and family, I suppose, just as if you were born with a coach and four in your mouth."

"In that case," said Mary, laughing, "my mouth would be worse than Jerry Riley's, for his would not even hold a wheelbarrow, big as it is."

"Well, you saucy minx, if you mend your manners and become a good girl, I'll bring Jerry Riley round again—I suppose you said something smart to the poor boy, and then he

went off in a huff. However, for the kindness I have to your mother, I'll coax Jerry back again to you. He would be a great fool, to be sure, to think of taking you at all, but that 's his own look out."

"Thank you, Sir,—I'm obliged for your good will, but indeed I'd rather you wouldn't take the trouble, for if Jerry had a million of money I never could take him."

"Well, well, well,—a fool can't be meddled with—you'll please your eye and break your heart, like many another girl before you."

CHAPTER VIII.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries;
On such a full sea now are we afloat,
And you must take the current as it serves,
Or lose your ventures."

THE following day I felt anxious to learn the decision to which Mary had arrived, and accordingly I hastened after breakfast to the cottage. The day was fine, and my nurse was seated on a chair at the door, engaged in her knitting occupation. I asked for Mary—she was gone to the market town to dispose of some of the productions of her handywork. How provoking this suspense! I fancied that the little rustic arbitress of my destiny must think much more lightly than I did of the subject essential to my happiness, or she could not

have thus engaged in her daily occupations without first having given me a full explanation of her sentiments.

As I was on horseback, I proceeded forthwith to Glannatour, where I found my friend Murrough seated in the midst of letters and papers which he was anxiously perusing, and which seemed to have recently arrived.

"Did I not tell you," said he, "that I looked forward to being the representative of this great county at some future period? Everything seems in a train to favour this object of my wishes. Ever since that speech I made at the great Emancipation meeting, my popularity has been rapidly ascending to the zenith. Here," he continued, shewing me a letter, "is an invitation I have received to take the chair at a meeting to be held for a similar purpose. The persons whose signatures accompany the document pay several highly flattering compliments to my oratorical powers, and the best of it is that I know I deserve them. Will you attend the meeting too?"

"Why," said I, "my father is such a staunch Orangeman——"

"Pooh! nonsense! his vanity is greater than his prejudice, and if you made a splendid, overwhelming speech there—such a speech as I *know* you *could* make, a speech that would leave a lasting impression of your talents on the public mind,—Captain Grant might pull up his military stock and twirl his whiskers, and say 'pon his honour you were a d——d jackass, but, trust me, he would feel inexpressibly proud of your spirit and your eloquence."

"And why do you form such a flattering opinion of my powers? You know I am nearly untaught, save just what I learned from my granny."

"Well, and is not that enough? You are not to make a speech in Greek or Hebrew, I suppose; you have got the untaught, unbought grace of Nature, like myself, which no artificial effort can confer. All you will require is an easy and commanding flow of language, acute

observation, and manly assurance; and all these you possess, or I greatly mistake. Now, I will tell you my line of battle. Next year the partial emancipation act, giving to the Catholics the forty-shilling franchise, will assuredly be passed. The power of returning members to the House of Commons for the counties will then chiefly lie in the hands of the Catholic priests and their flocks. Now, whom will they most probably return? Of course, the friends who have stood by their cause in the present hard struggle. Sir, I shall attend every meeting to petition for this act—I shall speak at every meeting—I shall convene meetings—I shall go everywhere, say every thing, do every thing that may tend to accomplish my ultimate object. I will outstrip all our popular orators in patriotic virulence and acrimony—I shall far excel them in the venom of my scalding, withering denunciations against Protestant monopoly and corruption. I will fear nothing and dare every thing—if I fight

some half score duels in the course of my campaign, why so much the better."

"Oh, Murrough, don't tell *me* that you will causelessly seek such encounters."

"'S daggers and blood, man!" he exclaimed, assuming a pugnacious attitude, "do you think I'd funk? Why the task I shall engage in, will inevitably involve me in a thousand hostilities. I shall be a perfect salamander—my element shall be turmoil, heat, excitement! But think not," he added, in a milder tone, "that I am an unprincipled political adventurer. I will never *sell* the interests of the people. If I work hard I will also work honestly."

The energy of Murrough's manner was contagious. I felt bitten with the electioneering mania of my friend, and emulous to rival, by my own exertions, the parliamentary honours which, I doubted not, awaited him.

"I shall try for the House of Commons too," said I.

"Undoubtedly you may," he replied, "no-

thing is impossible to talent, energy, and perseverance."

"Would my father give me the pecuniary qualification?"

"Would he? ay, and feel vainer of your exaltation than his pride would allow him to express."

"What would my uncle Henry say of it?"

"He would say, to be sure, that it put the market of wives at your absolute command. What lectures he would give you! What elaborate instructions to fascinate some wealthy heiress whom your title of M.P. would allure, and whose affections all your arts of enchantment should be put in requisition to enchain. In sober earnest, M.P.-ship might not prove a a bad wiving speculation for smart country spooneys who might wish to marry ambitiously; especially when accompanied by brilliant talent on the part of the possessor. You told me the other day, I know not how truly, that no woman was ever worth marrying except for her money."

"I gave that as old Harry's opinion, not as my own."

"Well, no matter, I presume at least you would have no objection to get money with a wife. In this case, as old Harry says, the fish will bite the fly; and a station of honour and eminence, worked out by a young man's unassisted talent and exertion, will invest his character, in female estimation, with all the heroic fascination of romance. His approach will be watched with the thrill of anxious hope; his accents will fall like music on the female ear; his attentions will be prized as honours, his road lies open to the female heart, and it rests with himself to make use of these advantages. So, Jack, if you want to get a rich wife, you must first append M.P. to your name. Now do not suppose I recommend any sordid or selfish views in the choice of a partner; I have only been trying to clothe your uncle Henry's doctrine in better phraseology than he generally uses himself. As for me, my feelings to the sex partake of chivalrous devotion. But

as you are too philosophic to regard any matrimonial connexion as desirable, except in proportion to the wealth it brings, the hints I have given may not prove unavailing in your future matrimonial career."

I felt too much flutter and confusion of spirits to make any reply; my mind was thrown into painful perplexity by these visions of ambition: on the one side stood fame, distinction, and possibly a splendid matrimonial alliance; on the other there were peace, domestic happiness and contentment, and the affection of the girl who certainly engrossed all my love. I quitted Glannatour, leaving Murrough immersed in his projects, and proceeded forthwith to the cottage.

On my way I revolved in my mind the strange medley of subjects which my visit to Murrough had suggested, and I came to the conclusion, to which I was prompted by my feelings, that honour required the fulfilment of my pledges to Mary, should she choose to accept of the offer I had made. Something, too,

whispered that this would be my happiest course; for as often as the glittering prospects of ambition led away my wayward fancy into regions of political distinction and greatness, reproving conscience invariably told me that my aspiring views would bring their own punishment along with them, if their achievement involved the desertion of Mary.

Full of these reflections I reached the cottage. Mary had returned, and was sitting alone in the doorway; her mother had gone out a little while before. She made way for my entrance, and placing a chair for me and another for herself upon opposite sides of the fire, took her seat with an air of composure which convinced me that whatever might be her decision, it was at all events final.

Placed thus alone with the beloved object, my heart severely upbraided me, for having suffered ambitious thoughts to warp, though only for an instant, my affection. "You have been thinking, Mary," said I, "of what we were saying last evening."

"I have," replied Mary, calmly, "and not to keep you in suspense, I have come to the same mind I have told you before—it cannot be—I am sorry in my heart to say it—but it cannot be."

I pleaded passionately, and accused her with want of affection.

"No," said she, "but it's just the reverse of that; it's because I love you better than you do yourself, and have more thought for you than you have for yourself, that I refuse you. Sure you know," said the beautiful girl, blushing deeply as she spoke, "that there does not breathe that boy on earth that I'd marry half as soon as you, if you only were a farmer's son, or something nearer to my own way of life. But indeed there's too great a distance between us entirely—we never could be *comrades* so completely as a man and his wife ought to be—if our marriage was hid we would ever and always be uneasy and fretful for fear it would be known; and if it was known, you'd be shamed among the quality for ever. So put it

out of your head," she added, with a deep sigh; "and though it's sore and painful to us now, it will be better in the end for us both. Go now, and for heaven's sake don't be coming here again; I know your house will never see my mother want, and that's always nearest to my heart. Try and forget me as soon as you can, for I've made up my mind, and I never will go back from what I said."

"Forget you, Mary!" I exclaimed, "that would be impossible."

"Not at all," she interrupted, "if you give up your mind to something else. Why can't you court that rich Miss St. Lawrence they're all talking of? There would be raison in that; every body says she'll have twenty thousand pounds."

"Yes," said I, commanding my emotions so far as to affect a tone of pique, "and *you*, I suppose, would then be at liberty to take some luckier boy than I am?"

"No," said Mary, "never. I will always be single, since——"

Here the composure which had previously sustained her gave way, and poor Mary burst into tears. I endeavoured to clasp the noble and affectionate girl in my arms, but she rose and eluded my embrace.

"No," said she, recovering her self-possession, "we have had too much of that. Leave me now, for mercy's sake—you know my mind, and indeed and indeed I'll never change an inch from it."

"You *must* change, Mary, or I shall be miserable. O! take more time to think of it, and do not send me from you sorrowful and hopeless."

"I'll put myself past changing," said Mary, in a calm, decided tone, "because I know it's best for you," and she took from the dresser her mass-book, which she raised towards her lips, intending to render her rejection irrevocable. I darted forward, snatched the book, and flung it over the bank into the river.

"For God's sake, Mary, think what you are

doing!" I exclaimed. "Your mind may yet change, and I hope to heaven it will."

"Never," said Mary, in a tone so decided as to extinguish the last spark of hope. I plainly saw that further entreaty was useless, so I left the cottage with a heavy heart.

"Well," said I to myself, "it is a hard case to be sure; the girl is a precious treasure—a nonpareil of a girl no doubt; but if she won't take me, I must live without her as well as I can; I'll keep clear of the cottage for the future; it is plain her decision is just as inflexible as if she had kissed the book upon it—and the minx was within an ace of that, too! And she told me to address Miss St. Lawrence—on my honour it was a strange coincidence—the very girl uncle Henry has been dinning in my ears for the last five months. Mary will not have me—that is now past doubt—I'll have a *go* at the Saint Lawrence—fame gives her twenty thousand pounds—suppose she has *ten*, it would be a splendid match, family, con-

nexion, and fortune all considered—I am told they live in first rate style. I wonder what sort of looking girl she is—though *that* is of little consequence, since at all events I cannot hope to meet such heavenly beauty as poor Mary's."

In fact, I felt most plainly that I had not now a heart to bestow—all the affection I was capable of feeling towards the sex had been engrossed by Mary Sheridan: she was my first and only love, and the utmost I ever could hope to experience towards any other girl was a civil, good-natured indifference. The well-spring of my heart was dried up, when I turned from my little rustic princess; the fountain ceased to flow, and my spirits would have been despondent in the extreme if it were not for a strong reinforcement of pride and ambition; auxiliaries of whose aid I have never been destitute.

Urged then, by these feelings, I resolved to make a most determined set at the St. Lawrence: the task seemed a difficult one, as no

immediate opportunity offered of forming her acquaintance: she resided in a neighbouring county, and in a much more fashionably inhabited vicinage than our wild fox-hunting district. I mentally reflected on my chances of success; it appeared, at first, a hair-brained scheme enough, but I had learned from various sources that notwithstanding the éclat of wealth and station with which she was surrounded, Miss St. Lawrence was singularly unaspiring, rational and humble. Of her rationality, vanity whispered that she could not give a better proof than in accepting the hand of one possessed of all the good and brilliant qualities I modestly ascribed to myself. In the first place, it was requisite to arrest her fancy by some *éclatant* master-stroke in public life; and for this, the embroiled and agitated state of the political world seemed to offer peculiar facilities. Miss St. Lawrence was a papist—so much the better; for besides a strong private penchant which I entertained for the ancient church, I could turn the lady's feelings to account by becoming the

bold, eloquent and spirited champion of Catholic *ro*mancipation (as my father called it). My animal spirits, at all times elastic, were now uncommonly elated—I felt the magic influence of ambition's giddiest whirl; my wishes, by a sanguine temperament, were converted into golden realities; already, in imagination, I had ousted the possessor of a neighbouring borough; already had I thundered in the House of Commons; already had my fame filled the empire, and already had the amiable and wealthy Miss St. Lawrence, unable to withstand the fascination of my overwhelming talents and accomplishments, bestowed her hand on the unrivalled orator, senator and patriot. It did not once enter into my day-dream that as yet I had never even seen her, and that her heart might perhaps have been pre-engaged by some successful rival. How this probable event escaped my calculations, I know not; it certainly had not the least influence on the course of my policy.

CHAPTER IX.

Robin. Your hunt holds in his tale still, and tells more.
Marian. My hunt?—what tale?
Rob. How! cloudy, Marian! What look is this?
Mar. A fit one, Sir, for you.
Hand off, rude ranger! Sirrah, get you in, [*To Scathlock.*
And bear the venison hence: it is too good
For these coarse rustic mouths.

The Sad Shepherd.

Resolved to plunge into the sea of political life, I repaired to my friend Murrough, whose vivacity and energy invariably dispelled all my doubts and hesitations, and gave life and force to my resolves. I found him reciting an oration he had just composed for the public meeting of which he was to be the chairman; it was filled with the most apt and admirable claptraps.

Murrough was by nature fitted to shine as a popular orator; he was the sovereign lord of

claptrap and invective. He was not logical; —perhaps, so much the better for a democratic auditory; but his bold and manly manner, his unexcelled volubility, his air of conviction, and his remarkable energy, irresistibly impelled the feelings of the people in the channel the orator wished. All his speeches were masterly appeals to the passions; he rehearsed the feelings of the democrats in first rate style; but when they went home and conned over what they had heard, they were generally at a loss to remember the particular hits which had won their admiration and applause.

My entrance did not suspend Murrough's harangue for an instant. He looked round as the door opened, but did not pause in his violent diatribe against the oppressors of Catholic Ireland. When he had concluded, he did not wait for my applause; he began to praise himself.

"Now, that's what I call a speech," said he. "Demosthenes was a goose to me;—eh,

Jack? There's nothing like tickling the feelings of the people;—will not that do it sportingly? Do you remember when I told you I was a first rate orator—and you would not believe me? Perhaps, you will believe me now. But wait till you have seen me on the platform, Jack. When '*the boys*' get about me, I am totally another sort of being; my soul expands, my attitudes become majestic; every fibre of my frame, every energy of my intellect, contributes its share to produce the unique and magnificent whole. I stand forth upon the platform, an unparalleled incorporation of muscular energy and strength, and gigantic intellectual vigour. Upon my sacred honour, I am perfectly serious,—so none of your grinning. Well, let us hear *your* tantivy;—for of course you've composed one for the grand occasion."

Without further comment, I assumed an oratorical attitude, and spouted forth a suitable harangue. Murrough listened attentively during the delivery.

"That is good," said he when I had done; "that is well reasoned, and replete with poignant satire. That will do the business, or the devil's in the dice."

"At any rate," said I, "and without the smallest breach of modesty, I may venture to predict that you and I will beat all to nothing the old stock of speechifying gentry who do nothing but cuckoo each other at the general run of public meetings."

"Not a doubt of it," said Murrough with a confident air, "we'll shiver them to trillabubs, Jack! and the firm of O'Driscoll and Grant will become as renowned for superior eloquence, as the firm of M'Gettigan and Higgins for superior porter. But this is all talk: we must begin to work. Now, sir, I'll tell you the first thing we must do after this d——d meeting—we must get up a public dinner to myself in the village of Ballyhurly. As we cannot get *genteels* to attend, we'll have the democracy; anything, you know, to excite a racket and to keep our names before the public.

You shall be chairman of the dinner, and we'll have reporters from three or four of the best provincial papers. I will tell you who will be a useful hack-man; a working sort of fellow for getting up the thing, and recruiting for purchasers for tickets, Conolly's toady, Paddy Lawlor."

"What!" exclaimed I, "is it Lawlor to recruit against his patron?"

"Yes, for his patron has dismissed him, and he'll work like a mill-horse for us, if it was only to vex Conolly. Lawlor will be an incomparable man; he will

> 'Stand a foe with all the zeal
> Which young and fiery converts feel;

not young, neither, and so much the better for us—he is an old fox, and as spiteful as the devil. Jack, we must lose no time about this, and the dinner must be advertised in three or four numbers of the Connaught Gazette, and the Galway Emancipator. And the advertisement must state that the dinner is given to evince

the cordial and affectionate feelings which the inhabitants of Mr. O'Driscoll's vicinity, entertain towards that brilliantly talented, patriotic, and incorruptible Irishman. Mind that. Put it strong, too—d——d strong, for the composition is wholly entrusted to *you*. I'll do as much for you another time, my dear fellow, so do your very best for me now—won't you, Jack?"

"Won't I, Murrough? to be sure I'll do everything I can for you."

"Yes," said Murrough, "for you know we must stand or fall together."

"Why, as to standing together," said I, "I've no objection, but falling together is a different thing, *you* may fall if you like, but I will stand if I can."

"Well resolved, Jack; but to the dinner affair—you'll do your best for me, won't you?"

"I told you already that I would," said I impatiently; "do not teaze me."

"For you know," persisted Murrough, "that

your parliamentary projects are quite as dependent as mine, upon doing these things well."

"O, I see; you want to bribe my selfishness with that last hint, but really it was needless. Talking of parliamentary projects, when I am an M.P., I mean to address Miss St. Lawrence."

"The very girl I wish you to attack. Why, Jack, they say she will have over £1500 a year, and then the connexion, you know. A good speculation, really; there's nothing, as I often said, that a clever flash man can't accomplish, if he only sets to work in downright earnest. But to begin, we must work like wire-drawers about my public dinner. To-morrow is the day of my meeting; you must come, splash and speech away—then occupy the following fortnight in puffing, advertising, and getting up the dinner; we'll send for Pat Lawlor and give him the requisite instructions; Pat will take a hint as tinder catches a spark—he takes at once; a keen fellow—d——d sharp—when Pat is tutored and once well set a-

cruising, the affair will smoke along with little further trouble."

The public meeting arrived, of which Murrough was to take the chair. Shoals of Catholics and radicals attended. I made my début in magnificent style; I burst like an electric shock on my astonished auditory; they had previously supposed that a subject so long and so ably discussed could afford nothing new to the orator, and their surprise indeed was great, at the able and novel views in which I regarded it. I had the satisfaction of hearing a wealthy Dublin merchant who happened to attend, whisper one of the priests upon the platform, "Splendid fellow that young Grant is! there have seldom been more able or eloquent speeches made in the House of Commons. What a pity he is not in Parliament! what a powerful advocate would we not have!"

I was shaken by the hand by nearly two hundred of the more respectable portion of my audience, who were emulous to testify their

warm admiration and delight. "That is something like a début!" I whispered Murrough.

He did not reply, but vented his joy in a kiss. His own display elicited, as usual, rapturous shouts of applause. My brilliant success excited him to emulation, and never did I hear him so felicitous; every sentence ended in a well conceived claptrap, and every shaft of satire or invective was sure to hit its aim.

"Are not we the *devil?*" he triumphantly exclaimed, as we mounted our horses to ride home; "there was no one worth hearing but ourselves—you will henceforth always find it the case. Jack, in half a year you will find that the simple fact of our presence in any town or village in the country, will, of itself, be sufficient to create a public meeting of all the patriotic inhabitants. And now Jack we'll strike while the iron's hot—all hands alert—all wits to work about my dinner."

Accordingly Lawlor, the discarded toady, was sent for; he seemed delighted at the opportunity of furthering Murrough's views.

"Now, Mr. Lawlor," said I, "our principal object is to have the attendance as numerous as possible; O'Driscoll wishes you to recruit among the farmers—we'll have a committee of eleven, consisting of myself, six priests, M'Gettigan and Higgins the brewers, (brewers are always patriots, or their beer wouldn't sell among the people,) Peter Lynch, and though last not least, yourself. There's the committee made out. We'll get tickets, and let every one of the committee sell as many as he can. Your district lies to the west; make as many of the farmers buy as you're able to wheedle."

Lawlor intimated acquiescence, and departed on his mission. Murrough was already very popular with the peasantry, for his name was mixed up with every effort to resist abuses and procure emancipation. The noise of the intended public dinner had already gone abroad through various imperceptible channels, so that Lawlor found the farmers possessed of some vague expectations on the subject. But their notions indeed were widely astray from

the reality. Never having heard in all their lives of a public political dinner, they had taken it into their heads that Mr. Murrough O'Driscoll was going to treat all the district to a dinner at his own expense. Of course Murrough's name had scarcely escaped Lawlor's lips, when prayers and blessings were lavishly showered down upon his head by his rustic admirers. Lawlor waited patiently, until these effusions of piety and love were exhausted, and then proceeded to state more in detail the objects of his mission.

"Well, Jerry Sullivan, you'll come to Mr. Murrough's great dinner that 's to be on Thursday three weeks—won't you?"

"Won't I, Mr. Lawlor, jewel? O th'n, o th'n, and it 's I that will!—and I promise you that Katty and Peggy, and as many of the childher as knows manners, and the boy about the house will all go! To be sure, and we'd be glad to compliment his honour! He 's the truth of a bright jontleman any way."

"Thank you, Jerry, thank you," said Lawlor

with official dignity; "on the part of my friend I'm obliged to you. Bring as many of the men as you can to the dinner—the women needn't come, as women never go to such a place; and mind, all that come must pay four and sixpence a-piece."

"Blood alive!—four and sixpence! And is it in arnest you are, Mr. Pat?"

"Perfectly in earnest, honest Jerry."

"Blood alive, again! And will we get meat for that?"

"Ay, will you Jerry,—beef, mutton, and pork."

"And punch?" added Jerry, sticking his knuckles in his ribs with a determined air of a man resolved to get the worth of his money.

"And punch," repeated Lawlor; "never fear, Jerry, my man, but there will be plenty of it."

"Four and sixpence for a hearty dinner of beef, mutton, pork, and punch—well, well, well,—it's as quare a thing as ever I heard! But now, Mr. Pat, if a body might ask, where

is the honour and glory of Mr. Murrough O'Driscoll giving all the poor farmers a dinner, if he makes them pay him for it? By this and by that, I don't understand it at all."

"Why, Jerry," said Lawlor, "you're entirely mistaken in the matter; it is not Mr. Murrough that's giving you a dinner; Mr. Murrough knows nothing about it; he doesn't even know at this moment that such a thing's intended. It is you, and I, and all of us, that are going to give Mr. Murrough a grand dinner; it's to show him some compliment, and to prove to him how well we like his speeches and the racket he is always kicking up for the good of the people."

"I see," said Jerry Sullivan, drily.

"And then," continued Lawlor, "when we have got as much money as will pay for the dinner, (to make every thing sure,) three or four of us will wait upon Mr. O'Driscoll and request the honour of his company at it. I am going about selling tickets to-day; here's one for you," continued the emissary, flourishing a

ticket between his finger and thumb; "I came first to *your* house, Jerry, being willing to compliment you, knowing your friendship for our worthy friend, Mr. Murrough. Come, Jerry, let me have the four and sixpence, there's a good fellow—I've forty houses yet before me in the day's tramp."

"I vow and declare, Mr. Pat, I haven't one sixpence in the house this blessed moment; if I had, I'd give it to you jumping—Katty knows I haven't."

"Tut, tut, Jerry! I'm ashamed of you," said Lawlor; "upon my honour and conscience you'll be shamed for ever and ever among the neighbours if you shy out of us for such a paltry blackguard trifle as four and sixpence. Upon my oath and honour, I'd sooner pay it for you out of my own pocket than let you make such a show of yourself! Why, man, if it was anybody else, I'd let them stay or go and be d—d as they pleased; but I've always a particular regard and affection for you and those belonging to you, and I would not allow

you to disgrace yourself if I could any way help it. So down with the dust, honest Jerry, —I declare it's for your own sake I speak.— Come, man! think of all the meat, and the speeches, and the punch!—beef, mutton, pork, and Galway whiskey! O, d—n you, Jerry, where's your sense at all at all?"

Somewhat moved by Mr. Lawlor's eloquence, Jerry ruefully extracted four and sixpence from *the stocking* in which all his specie was treasured. The accomplished emissary had it safely deposited in the depths of his pocket, and was twenty yards upon his route, ere Jerry could conceive the transfer possible.

"There, he's off like a shot, the instant he fingers the cash!" exclaimed Jerry. "Troth and that's the keen lad!—without so much as saying thank you! Well, it can't be helped now, but catch me a second time at it!"

If Mr. Lawlor's narrative may in aught be credited regarding the popular reluctance to attend at a dinner for which four and sixpence should be paid, his diplomacy certainly en-

titled him to immortal credit, for the sale of sixty tickets was the result of that day's labours. However, the sum realized fell far short of what was necessary to provide the materials for the dinner. The committee evinced a strong disinclination to advance one farthing. Murrough got some of us together one night, and used his most insinuating eloquence to extract the necessary outlay from our pockets.

"I never knew anything so *unusual*," said he, "as to leave the requisite preparations deferred so very long; why, we are now within a week of the dinner, and nothing has been purchased; no wine, no whiskey,—no eatables nor drinkables of any description. I'll lay my life that when I pop into the dining-room at six o'clock on the day of the dinner, I shall find nothing but a large kish of beldrums * and a pair of farthing candles on the table. D—n it, if ever I heard of so useless a committee in my life! Why now, is this the

* A coarse description of potato.

way the interests of the public are to be neglected?—Is this the way in which a manifestation of glorious popular feeling is to be met upon *your* parts?"

"With obsequious submission," said Lawlor with a very low bow, "I do not see much glorious popular feeling in the business at all. It's yourself, Mr. Murrough, that's the head and the tail, and front and rear, and in and out, and beginning and ending of the whole affair from top to bottom. You see, (with all possible submission,) that it's all very well when you get upon a platform to talk about glorious popular feeling and all that sort of fudge; it does famously—famously, Sir, for the mob:—but here, among friends, behind the curtain, as it were, on a matter of sheer business,—the long and the short of the story is just this:—Devil sweep me if I ever had so tight a job in all my life as to sell those sixty tickets upon Monday fortnight, and you'd actually think all the people were booksworn not to purchase another till the day of the dinner, for with all

my powers of wheedling and coaxing, though I kissed forty girls and promised them ribbons, not a word would the sly rogues put in for me with either their fathers or brothers, to buy tickets for the dinner."

"I protest, Pat," said Murrough, "you're right, quite right; it *is* a sheer matter of business, and we'll fool it no longer—the committee should subscribe; I'll begin with yourself.—Come, Pat, my old fellow,—*pro patriâ mori*, you know—come now, honour and glory, you'll give us two pounds, I am sure that's moderate."

"Blood and thunder!" exclaimed Lawlor, "where would I get it? Two pounds! you forget that I live on my wits, Mr. Murrough, and as far as they go I'm at your service; but for arigath sheis * I'm as poor as a rat, and to tell you the plain honest truth, you must shell down the money yourself,—there's no time to be lost—mount your horse in the morning, take a gallop to Galway, and buy all the ne-

* Arigath sheis, money down; *i. e.*, tangible cash.

cessaries; or I'll go instead of you, if you'll trust me with the purse. Now you know the marrow of the matter, and never fear but the sale of the tickets on the day of the dinner will amply reimburse you for your outlay."

I burst out laughing, notwithstanding my efforts to preserve a sober countenance.

"Ay, you may all grin and sniggle," said Murrough, "but I shall have to pay for the roast."

"Why, Murrough," said I, "I really can't help it;—there's something so intensely ridiculous in the idea of a glorious and magnificent patriot and orator like you, entertained at a public dinner by the free, spontaneous impulse of the people's love, totally unconscious, *selon l'etiquette*, of the honour intended, and all the while obliged not only to spirit them up to come to the dinner through the means of your agents, but even to purchase the dinner yourself! O, the incomparable, intense, ineffable humbug!"

And the comicality of the idea struck me so

forcibly, that unable to resist its influence, I threw myself back in my chair, and laughed loud and long.

"Now, my man," said Murrough, "instead of laughing, it would be far more becoming and creditable if you put your hand in your pocket and advanced a couple of pounds for your own share of the subscription. I am not unreasonable, but I do expect that such talking and professing friends will contribute upon an occasion like the present. At any rate, Mr. John Grant, if you do not, pray never let me hear you call yourself a patriot again."

"A patriot!" said Peter Lynch, "blarney and humbug! Why, Murrough O'Driscoll, I thought you had more sense! You're not upon a platform now, so don't think to go it upon *us*, my honest friend; but just hand out fifty pounds to our worthy assistant, Mr. Lawlor, and let him get in dinner for three hundred from Galway against to-morrow week; there's no use in delaying any longer, for time runs short."

Murrough cast a rueful glance at me; "I don't like these disbursements at all," said he.

"I dare say not," said I, "but it seems they can't be helped."

"John Grant, John Grant!" said Murrough reproachfully, "I *did* think you would have subscribed."

"Why, man, so I would," replied I, turning inside out a pair of empty pockets, "only like our friend Mr. Lawlor, I haven't got a farthing. Besides, my services in another way are just as essential,—in fact, money couldn't buy them. If you want a flash eulogist, who so complimentary or eloquent as your amiable cousin John? Who could perform the arduous duties of chairman of your dinner in such style as your worthy cousin John? Who will be half so influential or indefatigable in canvassing votes for your election, as your most incomparable cousin John? I tell you once for all, don't make a fool of yourself, but hand down the money, or say you won't—your committee haven't got a rap among them."

"My committee! my blessed committee!" sighed poor Murrough, "I am sure I'm to be pitied among them! I am like the poor bishop of Autun when his clergy ran riot and mutinied against him."

"Oh, Murrough, you are not quite so badly off as the bishop—your episcopate is far less extensive."

"Yes, I am only the lord bishop of committee at present—and I fear the affairs of my diocese are at sixes and sevens—my clergy all say they are insolvent when I ask them to contribute a fraction."

"Ay indeed, right reverend father," said I, "so your lordship's only chance is to advance the fifty pounds from your own episcopal revenues."

"Upon my word I believe so," said Murrough; "so all there's for it is to make up my mind—I shall trip to Galway myself in the morning and make all the requisite purchases."

"Faith that's very well," said Lynch, laugh-

ing, "so you would not trust Lawlor with the purse."

"I assure you, Mr. Lynch," replied Murrough, "that my making the purchases in person, by no means infers the slightest distrust of Mr. Lawlor, for whom I entertain the highest and most sincere esteem; but I could not dispense with his assistance at Ballyhurly in getting up our large marquée, and preparing some other arrangements which no one else could achieve with equal skill."

"Murrough, Murrough, you're a smooth tongued fellow!" ejaculated Lynch in an under tone.

Murrough saw that all further efforts to extract subscriptions from us would be useless, for we really had nothing to give; so he said nothing more on the subject, and proceeded forthwith to tutor Lawlor and Lynch in the parts they were to bear at the grand entertainment. "Now, gentlemen," said he, "you must of course be aware that it will be ne-

cessary to pay me every compliment on this occasion. John Grant will be chairman, and will propose my health in fitting terms—I need say nothing to him on the subject, because he is *au fait* at popular effect. But that's insufficient; the health of the committee will no doubt be given by some rustic orator, upon which Mr. Lawlor will be under the necessity of rising to return thanks. Now Pat, my inestimable Pat, in returning thanks you must tell them what an honour you feel it, to have aided in the management of this glorious and gratifying proof of the love, esteem, and admiration which the people of this country entertain for their talented, distinguished, and inflexible advocate, Murrough O'Driscoll. I shall write a proper speech for the occasion; you must get it by heart; and I'll furnish *you* with another, Peter Lynch; there should be some variation in the epithets by which you designate me; Pat may call me 'our eloquent, patriotic, and distinguished guest;' Peter Lynch should call me 'our illustrious guest'—

yes, I think illustrious will do for Peter. Peter can also refer to the splendours of my ancestry, to the days when the royal O'Driscolls from whom I am lineally descended, were monarchs of a large part of Ireland—you will not forget to throw in an allusion to the royalty, Peter?"

"Oh, certainly not, your royal highness," said Lynch bowing most profoundly.

"Very well—and Lawlor may say that my relatives have the largest fee simple estates in the kingdom."

"I'll call them crown-lands if your royal highness wishes," said Pat Lawlor.

"No, no, I am perfectly in earnest—large fee simple estates and royal descent,—you will recollect."

"*Your* royal ancestry! *your* fee simple!" thought I to myself, "you smuggling, sharp-shooting, comical, clever, good-humoured old devil! was there ever created such a restless, blustering, dexterous, successful, ambitious, mysterious, eccentric, amusing and farcical genius!"

"I shall write the speeches for you now,

gentlemen," pursued Murrough; "you will have to dwell upon my services in arousing the country to achieve emancipation—you can easily get them by heart before the great occasion."

"Don't let mine be very long," said Lynch, "for I never was much good at *learning off* in all my life! I will blarney you up to your heart's content, provided you squeeze it all into a small compass. *Multum in parvo* is my motto."

"As for me," said Lawlor, "I am just as bad a hand at *learning off* as Mr. Lynch, so the speech I made at the dinner to Daly in Ennis will do for this occasion, as I have it cut and dry, and I won't have any time to spare for getting lessons; I delivered it at five different dinners with unbounded applause—by good luck there were no reporters, or I should have had to shift my sails; it will answer now with a little alteration: so all you will have to do, Mr. Murrough, is to write down whatever sort of compliment tickles your

fancy, and I'll tack it to the speech in half a shake."

Murrough sat down, and wrote a flowery eulogium on himself for Lynch to deliver, and another for Lawlor to append to his old speech. He then reverted to the pecuniary deficiency of his committee in a tone of jocular reproof, "although," added he, "if this be the way in which I must advance the funds for my election, I will abandon the affair altogether."

"Well then, Murrough, take care of yourself, I'd advise you," said Lynch; "electioneering is no joke if a man is made to bleed—there's poor Daly, the unsuccessful candidate for the county at the last election, did you ever hear the way they hocussed him? his committee—"

"Bah!" cried Murrough, "don't talk of committees."

"Well sir, his committee told him that £4000 would carry his election. He gave them the money, and thought all was going right, until in a week they told him they had not gained much ground, but that £10,000

more would infallibly place his success beyond doubt. He gave the cash to the committee—he threw it on the table round which they were standing, and O! such a scramble as they had for it! twenty hands were immediately plunged into the heap of notes and guineas; every body seized what he could, and then they all made off, and left the poor candidate to fight out his election as well as he could. Deuce such a thing I ever heard in all my life! Poor Daly heard no more of his cash or of his committee, except that next day a swinging bill was sent in to him for the use of the committee-room. So take care, my dear Murrough, and don't play Daly's game."

"I shall take care at all events," said Murrough, "to keep clear of committees; for certainly neither your anecdote of Daly, nor (I must add) my own experience, would lead me to form a very high opinion of them."

Public curiosity was now excited in the neighbouring towns by the approaching dinner to Mr. O'Driscoll. The advertisement ran thus:

"GREAT PUBLIC DINNER TO MURROUGH O'DRISCOLL, ESQ.

"In compliance with the eager anxiety which the public have generally manifested, to pay a tribute of respect and affection to their dauntless, eloquent, and uncompromising patriot, the friends of political freedom, with Mr. O'Driscoll's kind compliance, have appointed Thursday, the 18th instant, for this great National Festival, which will take place in a large marquée adjoining the town of Ballyhurly, as no apartment in the town could be found of size sufficient to accommodate the immense concourse of people impatient to evince their attachment to Mr. O'Driscoll.

"As THREE HUNDRED TICKETS were disposed of in less than two hours on the day when the intended festivity first became generally known, the committee were under the necessity of enlarging their arrangements for public accommodation, and issuing a new supply of tickets.

They therefore beg leave to recommend immemediate application, as even the second issue has been nearly all sold off. Several distinguished patriots are expected to attend.

"N.B. Tickets to be had from the members of the Committee; at Mrs. Blake's, Shamrock Hotel, Galway; Cornelly's, Dame Street, Dublin; Mrs. Dowd's, O'Driscoll Arms, Ballyhurly; and the Very Rev. and Rev. the Catholic clergy of the county. Price 4*s.* 6*d.*"

CHAPTER X.

"This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my list'ning ear."

Comus.

MURROUGH lost no time in making all the requisite purchases, since he found the disbursement inevitable. He was probably able to cater much better for the stomachs of his democratic admirers than any one else could have done, as all the wine was smuggled in the Bouncing Peggy, and all the whiskey was procured from Lawlor's private still among the mountains. These articles, almost gratuitously furnished, struck off a considerable item from the total expense. Much difficulty was sustained by the officials of the culinary department, in dressing the multitudinous hams, fowls, geese, joints of pork, beef, and mutton;

the kitchens of Glannatour and Kilnaflesk were put in requisition for three whole days, and old Poll Sullivan seemed impressed with the idea that it was her skill as *maitresse de cuisine*, which was ultimately destined to effect her master's return for the county. Some of the dinner was dressed in the house adjoining the marquée where the feast was to take place, and sent forth to the street such savoury steams as attracted to the premises shoals of beggars, with their usual accoutrements of rags, tatters, pans, cans, bags, sticks, crutches, and streeling children,—praying loudly and volubly, and with every possible variety of intonation, for blessings on the head of his honourable raverence, Mr. Murrough O'Driscoll.

At length the great man of the day arrived, in the person of Murrough, mounted upon his black blood-horse Democrat. In consequence of some delay in constructing the roof of the marquée, (which was composed of all the sheets, quilts and blankets of three parishes,) the scene of the festivity was not yet approachable.

During the interval, Murrough rode slowly up and down the little street, receiving with gracious condescension the reverential salams, prayers, and blessings of the beggars, the rollicking hurrahs of "*the boys*," and the approving smiles of the fairer portion of the villagers from many a crowded door and window. As he passed and repassed the house where the cooking preparations were in progress, his conscious self-importance was inflated by the thick and frequent steams which ever and anon puffed forth from every aperture, announcing that the genius of gastronomy was busily at work, and reminding him that all this preparatory bustle —happy rascal! was for *him*.

"Oh, master Grant!" cried one of the democracy, "isn't it the world's wonder if Mr. Murrough doesn't lose all the sense he ever had, this blessed night?"

"Why so?" asked I.

"Because all the honour and renown will turn his head—it's a miracle if it doesn't. Why, isn't it the height of earthly glory to have

all the people praying, and screeching, and bowing, and ratthling their sticks, and the blessed air of heaven smelling strong of beef and whiskey-punch—and all—aillillew! for the great Mr. Murrough O'Driscoll, every ha'porth of it! By gosh, if Mr. Murrough goes home to-night with his wits between his ears, I'll call him the sensiblest jantleman that ever was born!"

Murrough was summoned, at length, to descend from his horse, and to enter the space allotted for the entertainment. The sheets, quilts, sails, &c., which were stitched together to form the roof and sides, were supported on ledgers, which rested upon upright spars of larch and other firs; the whole put together in a manner apparently so insecure as to cause serious fears that if a breeze should spring up from the coast in the course of the evening, the whole concern would come down and extinguish the hilarity. Murrough advanced through a double line of grinning patriots, who met him with successive volleys of clapping; their en-

thusiasm kept alive between peal and peal with the cries of "Keep it up, boys! keep it up!"

I took my post as chairman, at the head of the table, in the midst (as a matter of course) of "the most enthusiastic cheering." The dinner passed off pretty well, most of the patriots bearing in remembrance that they had paid four and sixpence, and determined to eat and drink as much as they could possibly hold. One man brought his wife, and seated her steadily beside him. All the farmers within the sphere of Lawlor's influence had come provided with their knives; forks were at that time a luxury almost unknown among the wilder democracy of Connaught. Confusion was now and then occasioned by the surreptitious entrance of interloping patriots beneath the sides of the marquée, who dexterously seated themselves unperceived by the stewards, and excited the jealousy of the more legitimate feeders by enjoying the good things of the dinner without paying for them. At length this nuisance increased to so great an extent

that affairs began to wear a riotous aspect; the stewards attempted to hustle away the delinquents, who actively slipped out beneath the marquée, and slipped in almost immediately after on the opposite side, having first ascertained by peeping through slits in the canvas that the guardians of the feast were engaged in some other direction. The "platform," as we courteously named it, on which was perched the table for our "talented, distinguished, and patriotic guest," was composed of window-shutters laid horizontally on barrels. And well was it for us that we possessed this rickety accommodation, such as it was; for the floor of the marquée was everywhere else composed of poached mire. Murrough had generously provided a few dozen bottles of claret, in the hope that some of the patriotic gentry of the radical party would have attended. Vain hope! they came not; our only friends were their majesties, THE PEOPLE; who, beginning to fancy that the bottles on the platform must contain something better than usual, resolved to make a vigorous

effort to possess them, so soon as Murrough and I should have lost our recollection of sublunary things among the elevated regions of oratory.

That our "GREAT NATIONAL FESTIVAL" might not be unenlivened with the charms of music, the committee had secured the attendance of a bagpiper, two fiddlers, and a fifer, whose united strains being totally inadequate to the production of anything like a tune, the reporters were left to their invention for the names of the appropriate airs played after the toasts. The first toast, of course, was "The King;" on which the musicians struck up an unintelligible Babel of discords, which the reporters in their sketch of the proceedings, pronounced to be God save the King, "*exceedingly well played by an amateur band.* The scene," pursued these imaginative gentlemen, "was here extremely solemn and impressive, the whole company standing with their glasses raised, and the intermingled lights and foliage stretching down to the farthest extremity of the

tent, where the pure white wall which formed its termination, was half covered with interwoven branches, resembling the scenic illusion of a theatre, or some fanciful description in a fairy tale."

"Admirable!" exclaimed Murrough, who was peeping over the reporter's melodramatic description of our doings, "is that intended for the Galway Emancipator?"

"No, sir; I am for the Connaught Gazette, a more important paper, for its principal articles are generally copied into the Dublin press."

"That's right—that's right, and no doubt you'll *do* us properly. But how the deuce did you find out that the excruciating noise the piper and fiddlers made, was God save the king? I thought it was Sheela-na-gig."

"Oh, sir, I allow it required peculiar penetration on our parts to recognize God save the King in such a travestie, but then our profession has trained us to acuteness. If, instead of pipes and fiddles, our amateur band had been

playing on the bottom of a fish-kettle, it would have been all the same,—we would have been equally well able to extract God save the King from the chaos of rude harmony. Of course they could mean nothing else when his royal health was drunk."

After the usual routine toasts had been disposed of, I rose with an air of conscious dignity to propose the health of our incomparable guest. Having called for a full, a very full, an overflowing bumper, I commenced my prefatory observations.

"Gentlemen," said I,——

"Musha, musha!" cried one of the farmers with a grin of delight, "he calls huz gintlemen! Isn't John Grant the civil boy? He knows we'll all be equal by and by, and he does well and wisely to begin in time."

"Hould your tongue," was the reply; "it isn't huz he means at all: if it was he wouldn't say gintlemen, you ommadhaun! But any how he 's a well spoken boy beyond his years, and uncommonly civil."

I proceeded with my eulogy of Murrough's claims and character in the midst of universal applause. The approbation of one of my father's tenants became so uproarious that Lawlor was obliged to call him to order.

"Why now, Mr. Lawlor," said the fellow, "how could I pay my young master so bad a compliment as not to keep shouting for him as long as he 's speaking?"

When Murrough's health had been drank with all the honours, he rose to return his best thanks. Until now he had constantly kept a hawk's eye on the bottles of claret which were ranged beneath the table on our platform; and the democracy, perceiving his attention engaged by his speech, endeavoured to turn his oratorical abstraction to their own account by abstracting several of the bottles. Three or four had been thus purloined, when Murrough, whose peculiar situation prevented his resisting these aggressions on his claret in person, endeavoured to interest my feelings in his favour. So that his speech, with its occa-

sional whispered appeals for my assistance, presented a singular mélange.

"Yes, my friends! I thank you from the bottom of my heart for this most flattering proof of your affection, and I do most solemnly assure you that every energy of my life shall be unceasingly devoted to the service of our sovereign lord THE PEOPLE*. [For mercy's sake, John Grant, keep an eye to the claret—devil a bottle will those fellows leave if you don't look sharp.]—Yes, my beloved friends! when I speak of the people, I do not say the greatness of the people, nor the dignity of the people, nor the honour of the people; but I say, and I say most emphatically—THE MAJESTY OF THE PEOPLE."

Upon this declaration their majesties all testified the utmost delight, and shouted tumultuous applause. The orator continued—

"My friends, the hour of our liberty approaches, the hour when the despot will be

* Lord Castlereagh used to drink the toast of "Our sovereign Lord the people" at public dinners, prior to 1793.

crushed beneath the ruins of his tyranny, and emancipated Irishmen will walk abroad in all the majesty of freedom. Your chains will fall powerless at your feet; you will then indeed be free; you will enjoy the best description of freedom—the freedom of election; the glorious privilege of selecting as your representatives those tried and faithful friends who have stood by your side and fought your battles while the iron grasp of despotism was upon you. [John Grant, what the devil are you dreaming of? Keep an eye upon the bottles, man!] Then, my beloved countrymen, will persecuted Ireland at length enjoy the sweets of retribution! With pride and joy she will behold among her senators those men whose sterling political integrity and deep devotedness have given them a claim, a right, to take their place among the rulers of their native land. (Hurra! hurra!) [Upon my oath, John Grant, that fellow in the frieze great coat has pocketed three of the bottles, the rascal!] I believe, my friends, that it does not need the gift of divination to

pronounce the name on which your choice will then alight——"

"Murrough O'Driscoll 's our man—Murrough O'Driscoll 's our mimber!" shouted Lawlor and Lynch in concert. "D—n you, Flanagan, why don't you screech that Mr. Murrough is the only boy for county Galway?"

Flanagan *screeched* as Peter tutored him.

"Thank you, my beloved friends," continued Murrough, "from the inmost recesses of my heart I thank you! O that my heart could plead for me! O that the deep, the burning, inextinguishable love I bear for you could manifest itself in ardent efforts, in devoted sacrifices, to secure your happiness, your honour, and your independence! [D—n you, Jack, mind the claret!] Yes, I shall fight your battle with a zeal and ardour which will terminate only with my life. You never can appreciate my exertions, because you cannot look within my soul and see the brimful reservoir of patriotic love from which they flow! (Enthusiastic cheering.) Cheer away, my boys, and

welcome! (Thunders of applause.) Every cheer you give for Murrough O'Driscoll is a cheer for Catholic emancipation! (Chaotic applause.) I would not feel the pure delight I now experience from these marks of your attachment if I were not fully conscious I deserved them. (Elemental uproar.) It is true, my boys, we are a little noisy, but has not Paddy always been a rollicker? (Convulsive laughter and tremendous cheering.) Ay, my lads! that 's something like it! your sweet voices are music to my unsophisticated ears! it 's a specimen of the fun we'll have next year, when every mother's son of you brings his alpeen in his hand, and his vote in his pocket, to the court-house in Galway to return the member of his choice to the old round house in College Green! (A hurricane of cheers.) I *do* think I have some pretensions. Have I ever oppressed or wronged you?"

"No, no, no,—hurra!"

"Have I not ever assisted and advised you?"

"Yes, yes, yes!—hurroo!"

"Is not my descent exalted?"

"Ay, ay, ay, by dad!"

"Have not my ancestors been always known to you?"

"Devil a one of your aunt's shisters but we knew!"

"Was not their station elevated?"

"They were all kings by gosh, every *collieen* of them!"

"My claims are then acknowledged by my auditory.—Yes! I expected it, for I knew your political discernment. My beloved fellow-countrymen, I have done. In conclusion, I have only to say, that death itself will be unable to efface the inexpressible delight I have experienced in the sweet communion with so many ardent friends this happy evening—the remembrance will survive beyond the grave and sweeten the long sabbath of eternity."

Murrough sat down in a whirlwind of cheers, and glancing at the claret, exclaimed in a

whisper, "On my oath, there's three dozen gone! I wonder you hadn't common decency to spare my pocket."

"Pooh, man! you smuggled it—besides which, the tickets will pay for it all."

"Not at all," replied he, "for I am sure half the rabble we had at the dinner bought no tickets at all. I saw them popping in and out under the sides of the tent and whisking off whole joints of meat. Wait till I treat my democratic admirers to a dinner again. Really, I pay pretty well for the honour of the thing."

"Do not complain, Murrough; wait till you see what a splash the 'Great Public Dinner to Mr. O'Driscoll' will make in the papers."

"O, that's the devil too, for of course I must pay the reporters; there's no such thing as extracting a farthing from my committees—that indeed were a forlorn hope. Well, we must have the worth of our money from the reporters at any rate; and as nobody else is doing it, you had better propose the health of

Peter Lynch, or he won't have an opportunity of firing off his little shot."

At this moment Mr. Lynch, who was one of the stewards, passed near us. "Lynch," said I, "I am going to propose your health, I hope you've got your lesson well."

"May be not too well," said Peter; "I must only do my best; but if I flag,—mind, you must cheer me well until I recollect myself."

"Oh, I'll prompt you," said Murrough, "if you're in the least oblivious."

"And we'll cheer him too," said I. "What kind of cheers would you like best, Peter? the short, quick, attentive 'hear, hear!' or the more prolonged 'hear, hear, hear!' or the loud, full, rapturous, enthusiastic, 'Hear him, hear him, hear him, hear him!'—eh, Peter? take your choice."

"O, give me the longest and the loudest," said Peter, "for I'm sure I shall require it all—Come, now—give them my health—the sooner it's over the better—so fire away, Flanagan."

I proposed his health with proper honours, and he stood close to Murrough while returning his thanks, for the benefit of being prompted if necessary. He proceeded very smoothly until he arrived at the climax of the compliment to Murrough, when his memory suddenly gave way and rendered a hint from Murrough indispensable. I shall never forget the inexpressibly ludicrous effect produced by Peter's dismay on this occasion—he suddenly stopped short, and wheeled about to Murrough as if for further instructions; I roared lustily, "Hear him! hear him!" and succeeded in producing a tolerable clatter of applause. Murrough looked another way and affected an air of total indifference, while he sent forth for Peter's information the whispered accents, "brilliant talent—untarnished purity—inflexible integrity—retiring modesty." Peter caught up the catchwords, and proceeded boldly.

"My friends, I have only to say that if you look for brilliant talent, the most untarnished purity, inflexible integrity, indomitable energy;

in short, for every quality that can adorn the patriot and dignify the man, you will find them all united in perfection, in our talented, distinguished, patriotic and illustrious guest, Mr. Murrough O'Driscoll. More I would say, if I did not fear I might inflict a wound on that retiring modesty which forms so conspicuous a portion of his character." (Hurrah!)

"Pat Lawlor," said Murrough, "it's past eleven o'clock—I'll be off—and mind now, Pat, see the claret taken out and put up the instant I leave the place. Gentlemen," he continued, rising, "I cannot find words to express the intensity of pleasure I derive from the events of this evening. I feel most deeply the distinguished compliment you have conferred, in inviting me to this great public festival, my grateful remembrance of which will be unfading. The sweetest moments of my life are those which are spent, like the present, in communion with the kindred souls of Ireland's devoted sons.—Pardon me, my friends! I cannot give adequate expression to my pride, delight, and

gratitude; more I would add, but I cannot—indeed I cannot! The tide of mingled feeling rushes too quickly on my soul for the ordinary powers of utterance; my beloved friends, my heart is too full to thank you as I ought—Adieu!"

"The eloquent gentleman," (thus ran the newspaper report,) "pronounced these words in a tone of the most solemn and affecting emotion, and retired in the midst of loud, fervid, and reiterated peals of acclamation."

I know not what douceur the reporters received, but most certainly their labours were such as to satisfy our utmost aspirations. The report was headed with the name of Murrough in "athletic types," and the narrative proceeded thus:—

"Never was there exhibited in this province a spectacle more gratifying to every patriot heart than that presented by the grand entertainment which our western friends gave, upon last Thursday, to this distinguished and untiring advocate of Ireland. Several highly re-

spectable gentlemen attended, eager, it would seem, to evince by their presence, the high estimation in which they hold Mr. O'Driscoll's character and services. The festive group exhibited a brilliant concentration of talent, all anxiously devoted to further the important objects to which Mr. O'Driscoll has brought a reinforcement of such zeal and ability.

"Mr. John Grant, of Kilnaflesk, presided on the interesting occasion. We are happy to number among Ireland's friends a young gentleman of his extraordinary talents and acquirements. The dinner, to which more than five hundred intelligent persons sat down, was served in an extensive tent, supported in the midst with rustic pillars, picturesquely enwreathed with the most luxuriant foliage. The light gleaming through, and shining on the clustering verdure, imparted an oriental character to the scene, which was greatly heightened by the numerous and splendid vases filled with rich and fragrant flowers that were everywhere diffused through the apartment. The

viands were of the most exquisite and recherché description, and the wines were first rate."

"The people have all taken it into their heads," said Lawlor, two or three days after the dinner,—"the people have taken it into their heads, and I can't knock it out of them, that the dinner was got up to give a pecuniary benefit to His Royal Highness Prince Murrough, who they all know bought the eatables in Galway. I heard two farmers to-day anxiously debating how much His Royal Highness could have cleared by it: they differed with regard to his probable profits, but both agreed that it was a most ingenious scheme to raise the wind. They are sure that Mr. Grant fobbed half the profits."

"It is all very fine," said Murrough, "but I find, after all the receipts, I am nineteen pounds out of pocket. Well! devil may care! it will teach me some wit at the election; I see no one's to be depended on when money's concerned."

CHAPTER XI.

"There are men, my ingenuous young friend, who are trained in the ways of the world, so far as to enable them to protect themselves from all unfair aggressions; nevertheless, they are honest, passing honest—O, no man doubts their honesty."

THE WORLD'S WHIMS, 1750.

In the mean time I was not forgetful of the matrimonial game to be played. Determined to address Miss St. Lawrence, I made every enquiry regarding her fortune, her disposition, her appearance.

Time rolled on—the Emancipation Bill of 1793, was passed, and a dissolution of parliament was hourly expected. I fixed my eyes upon the borough of Kilshindy, which was distant about thirty miles from Kilnaflesk. I had never in my life been in or near the town; I never had known, nor, to my knowledge, even seen, one of its inhabitants. I was just as much

a stranger in Kilshindy as if I were to drop from the clouds into its precincts. Under these circumstances, I conceived that to secure my return for the borough would indeed be a brilliant coup-de-maitre; and one which no doubt would produce a most salutary effect in my favour, on the mind of Miss St. Lawrence.

In order to establish a footing in the borough, it struck me that the best thing to do, would be to procure a deputation of the radical inhabitants to invite me to preside over some public meeting to be held on borough business; or, if this should prove impossible, at least to persuade them they had thus invited me; and to get up a numerous meeting in the town with all convenient speed; always taking care to arrange my manœuvres in such a manner as to obviate the least suspicion that I took any part in the concern. In order to effect this purpose, I caused to be published in the Galway papers an advertisement, stating that upon a certain day a public meeting of the electors of Kilshindy would be held in the town, for the

purpose of considering the pledges it was proper to demand from any candidates who might stand for the borough.

"A deputation," pursued this veracious advertisement, "has proceeded from Kilshindy to Kilnaflesk, the residence of O'Brien Grant, Esq., to request his attendance at the meeting." No signature was appended to the document.

I should here observe, that the name O'Brien was assumed, partly *ad captandum vulgus*, and partly from a feeling of real and genuine patriotism, which led me to feel, as an Irishman, rather awkward without the appendage of an O to some portion of my name. I numbered O'Briens, moreover, among my maternal progenitors, so that I really had *some* claim to this national cognomen. And there was no doubt that the addition of an O to my name would serve as an excellent claptrap in a popular election.

The advertisement announcing the meeting of electors excited intense curiosity and in-

terest in Kilshindy. Who could have written it? By what party in the borough could O'Brien Grant have been invited? Who had formed the deputation to Kilnaflesk? How had they conducted their manœuvres with such cautious secrecy as never to have drawn upon themselves the slightest observation or suspicion? These were the queries the inhabitants asked each other; and as they were divided into local parties, each party took delight in assuming a mysterious air of information, and perplexing the rest about a subject on which all, had they told the truth, were equally in the dark. In short, so great was the interest excited in Kilshindy by the promised meeting of electors, that when I made my appearance for the first time in the borough, on the day appointed, I found an auditory of nearly five thousand, including the most respectable inhabitants of all denominations, Orangemen, Catholics, United Irishmen, and nondescripts. I was privately waited on at the principal inn by some three or four shopkeepers, who were

anxious, for the sake of the frolic, that a divertisement should occur in the electioneering politics of the town. Arrived in the neighbouring fair-green, (the arena which was unanimously chosen by the crowds who thronged the streets,) we got up a platform of the rudest construction, when a new and unexpected obstacle appeared—no one would either propose, or accept of the office of chairman. The inhabitants were anxious to "see fun" as they called it; but being totally ignorant how the affair might eventually terminate, they were too shy and timid to connect themselves in any manner with the day's proceedings. I conquered the difficulty by a brilliant piece of generalship.

"Mr. M'Cowen," said I to one of the shopkeepers who had waited upon me, "get some of our freize coated friends to set up a most vociferous hurra: when three or four are cheering, it will run among the crowd like wildfire; they will all huzza and shout, though they don't know what it's for—I will accept

their shouts as a call to take the chair by acclamation—only set them once well screeching and the thing is done."

M'Cowen did as I directed him: the crowd huzzaed vociferously—I popped into the chair, then rose again, and continued bowing gracefully to the multitude as long as the acclamations lasted. At length they ceased, and I commenced my address by thanking the electors in the most complimentary terms, for the honour they had conferred, in inviting me, an undistinguished and retiring stranger, to preside over deliberations affecting the interests of their ancient and independent borough.

The acclamations were here renewed with tremendous energy. It would have seemed beyond the bounds of human impudence, that a young and utter stranger, should, upon his very first appearance in the borough, thank five thousand people, to their faces, for an invitation which had never been given at all! The idea was quite too absurdly improbable to

occur for a moment; and therefore as I *did* return thanks to the inhabitants for their flattering invitation, the fact of the "deputation to Kilnaflesk" was implicitly received without a shadow of suspicion.

I then proceeded in a luminous and masterly speech to review the social and political condition of the kingdom; expatiated on the well-worn topics of oppression and corruption; themes which will ever afford matter for popular declamation, so long as the evils continue to exist. I adverted to the vast advantages of pure representation; and concluded, to use the established newspaper phrase, "amidst thunders of applause."

It was my good fortune to be opposed by a flippant little gentleman, who rose to controvert my political principles; this person was exceedingly unpopular in the borough. I had great difficulty in procuring him a hearing; however, I succeeded. When he had done, I rose to reply, and gave my unfortunate opponent a tremendous castigation. I brought to

bear against him "the skirmishing artillery of wit, and the sounder battery of judgment." I overthrew his arguments, ridiculed his metaphors and illustrations, and exposed the folly and unsoundness of his principles. Before I had done, he would have shrunk into an auger hole, to hide his fallen crest from public gaze. This circumstance tended greatly to increase my popularity in Kilshindy. The people were gratified, not only with hearing their favourite principles eloquently urged and ably defended, but also with witnessing the signal defeat of a person against whom they had conceived particular dislike.

I was chaired in triumph from the place of meeting to the inn, where the eager and admiring inhabitants called on me again to address them from the windows. I instantly complied with their call, and was hailed with such a roar of universal delight as fairly sets description at defiance. Paddy, in the midst of his misfortunes, is a gay, mercurial soul; he loves the man who will make him laugh.

I therefore delivered an address in the genuine Galwegian style of keen observation and rollicking absurdity. My countrymen are also celebrated for their gallantry; I therefore concluded my harangue with a spirited appeal to the fair sex. The street was crowded with females of the lower classes, and many a fair form rustled in lustrings, silks, and tabbies at the neighbouring windows.

"Women of Kilshindy!" I exclaimed, "the feelings of my heart irresistibly impel me to address myself to YOU. I am come to render homage to your numberless perfections! I lay my devotions at your feet. I implore your sympathy, your aid. I solemnly protest that I would far prefer the loss of my election, if supported by your influence, to success the most brilliant and decisive, if acquired through the energies, exclusively, of men. (Hurra!) But this, my lovely countrywomen, is a totally impracticable case; for *your* magic aid will invest me in a panoply of proof, and wreathe my brows with Victory's luxuriant laurel.

(Great cheering.) My adorable countrywomen! does not the genial fire of patriotism animate your breasts? O yes! it glows within the sacred temple of your swelling bosoms with a lustre more intense than our ruder sex can possibly appreciate. (Thunders of acclamation.) Women of Kilshindy! you are all either married or you hope to be married. (Roars of laughter.) Would you not wish the husbands of your choice, the beloved companions of your lives, to bear upon their fronts the proud stamp of LIBERTY? (A tornado of applause.) Would you not wish to transmit to your posterity the glorious inheritance of freedom? O! I know you would! The elevating sentiment sparkles in your glance, and beams upon your smile. Exert, then, in the cause of Catholic Ireland, the magic fascination of the female eye—(Shouts of laughter)— the irresistible witchery of the female tongue— make the arch boy Cupid auxiliary to our patriotic efforts—(A storm of laughter) — exert

the thousand charms with which kind nature has so lavishly endowed you, and if these don't produce the desired effect, congeal your melting maiden tenderness to ice! Dart frowns of horror and reproof upon the man who would perpetuate the stamp of servitude which tyranny has branded on the manly brows of Irishmen. Rouse the electors of Kilshindy! Excite them to national exertion by fair means or rough. If possessed of the aid of your artillery, my beloved countrywomen, I confidently promise that my struggle will be brief, glorious, and triumphant."

This spirited and novel conclusion was received, as it deserved, with unparalleled applause and delight, not only by the crowd without, but also by the fair and graceful beings who adorned the neighbouring windows.

"Upon my word, Mr. O'Brien Grant," said M'Cowen, "this is a new mode of electioneering, and I doubt not a successful one! Really, Sir, you are an extraordinary man."

"Oh," said another politician, "Mr. O'Brien Grant knows that if he secures the women, he is sure of the men."

And I actually learned that evening, that such was the powerful effect of my address to the women of Kilshindy, seventeen of the electors' wives vowed a total separation from their husbands, unless the aforesaid husbands would vote for O'Brien Grant.

I should do gross injustice to my feelings if I neglected to record, that if my acquaintance with the people of Kilshindy commenced in adventurous experiment, it ended in the warmest affection and gratitude. They believed that my heart was true as the loadstar to the cause of Irish independence; and this trust was not misplaced. Never did the inhabitants of any borough evince a more noble resolution to destroy the fetters which enthralled them, and to aid in achieving an independent representation for their country. Poor fellows! they exposed themselves to the bitter, malignant, unrelenting persecution of their local tyrants;

persecution which was subsequently exercised with all the baseness of spite and all the cruelty of vengeance. God bless the men of Kilshindy! I exclaim with sincerity and warmth. Notwithstanding the long roll of years that has passed since 1793, some of my old constituents still survive. If the Union be repealed in my time, I may attack them again under happier auspices, but I am now too old to cross the water to St. Stephen's. Poor fellows! Had I known the black, bad spirit of malignity which lurked in the breasts of the ancient despots of the borough, I would not have exposed the noble, patriotic electors to its influence.

CHAPTER XII.

"Here is a strange thing called a lady,
And a device of her's, yclept her woman,
Have plotted on me in the king's highway,
To steal me from myself, and cut me in halves."

BEN JONSON.

"Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms,
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face."

POPE.

HERALDED by fame as a person of uncommon patriotism, energy, and talent, I had soon the good fortune to procure an introduction to the celebrated Miss St. Lawrence. I met her for the first time at a public ball.

I must confess, that from the little I had seen of young ladies, my impressions at the time of which I speak, were not much in their favour. My uncle Henry had, no doubt, a

large share in producing my prejudice on this subject; my own observation, however, had occasionally led me to remark that frivolity and envy characterized many of those whom I had known. I had sometimes observed, or imagined I observed, that the introduction of a novel flounce or feather, or the attentions of some gay cavalier to a happier rival, would elicit a transient corruscation of malice in the grand general scramble for husbands.

I had happened, through a whimsical contretemps, to become possessed of the correspondence of two dear and intimate friends on the subject of a grand assizes' ball. It is only necessary to premise that the fair invalid to whom the following epistle is addressed, was remarkably beautiful and universally admired.

"To Miss L.....

"MY DEAREST VINCENTIA,

"MAMMA unites with me in earnestly hoping you have now almost recovered from your heavy cold, which gave us all extremely

great alarm. My precious Vincentia may believe me when I assure her that ever since the melancholy news of her illness arrived, I have not had one happy moment. Doctor F—— has been here, and he says it would really be madness in you to attend the ball, as the exertion would inevitably bring on a fatal relapse. I do not think I shall go, as of course you will not be there; it will be a horribly stupid ball; as I learn, that, in consequence of some quarrel between the stewards and Colonel G——, the *light dragoons* will not go. In a day or two, Mamma and I shall visit you. Until then, you will believe me, my beloved Vincentia,

"Your ever attached and affectionate,

"HONORIA."

This ever attached and affectionate friend, indited an epistle on the same occasion, to a sister; of which the following extract is a part:—

"I earnestly hope that odious Vincentia may not be well enough to go to the ball. She was laid up from raking at Sir Henry's, having exposed herself when lightly dressed to a bitter draught of air, in order to flirt with *my major* —I don't pity her. I told her the dragoons would not attend the ball, in the hope of removing her principal inducement to be there, but I fear it won't do—I know if she can possibly move a single step, we shall have her skipping about in the Austrian cotillons with C——. All day yesterday I remained at home expecting *him*—I was vexed and fretted that he did not come, for I really looked most lovely," &c., &c., &c., &c. [*cetera desunt.*]

The enchanting Vincentia, it would seem, was a match for the tender, sympathetic Honoria; for she replied in the following strain to her billet of affectionate enquiry:—

"MY DEAREST HONORIA,

"I ANSWER your kind note from the bed

of sickness. How cheering to the poor deserted invalid are the kind recollections of her happier friends! Do not, I implore you, forego the amusement of the ball, on account of my inevitable absence; I should really be quite inconsolable if you did so. Yet, how much has your affectionate intention to remain at home in solitary sympathy, endeared you to Vincentia's heart! I am better, my beloved Honoria, much better, although still unable to leave my bed. Doctor F——'s remark was most judicious. Indeed I have suffered so severely from low spirits for several days past, that even if I had not been otherwise indisposed, I should have found it quite impossible to partake of any public amusement. Pray present my affectionate love to your dear Mamma, and thanks for her inquiries.

"I am ever your attached and fond

"VINCENTIA."

"Now," said Vincentia to an intimate and confidential female friend, who of course told

every one the inviolable secret, "I feel as well as ever I was, and I shall go to the ball to annoy my sweet sympathising friend. Yes—I see how it is—she wants to have C—— all to herself. What a simpleton she thought me! In truth she was quite right, though," pursued Vincentia with an arch glance at her mirror, "for really in *such* a rivalry of faces"——

I conclude this little episode by recording that the fair Vincentia astounded the amiable Honoria by her unlooked for appearance at the ball; electrified the valorous dragoon with her brilliant flow of spirits; monopolized his petits soins; danced with him four hours without intermission; cast withering glances of affected pity on Honoria—did the irresistible to C——; talked, laughed, rattled, languished—married him in a week.

"D—n me," exclaimed the dragoon, "if I know how she managed the matter—I never went anywhere without meeting her, and she fastened on me so, I never knew how to shake her off—she chattered incessantly for seven days

—'pon honour it was just like a hail storm about my ears, or continued volleys of small shot —in short, I married her to get rid of her. I never saw a woman the whole time without thinking it was her ladyship—just as Moliere's Monsieur Pourçeaugnac, who was persecuted by the apothecaries, thought everything he saw was a syringe."

C—— was more fortunate, however, than he had ventured to expect. Vincentia's violent exertions to accomplish her object threw her into a fever that carried her off in a month. To return.—

I had committed the error of supposing that all young ladies resembled Honoria and Vincentia in their amiable feelings towards each other. I took it for granted that Miss St. Lawrence did not form an exception.

I was rather surprised to find her manners extremely unassuming and amiable. She seemed to evince a thorough contempt for everything like *claptrap* in manner and dress·

She discarded all ornaments; she never paid a compliment; she did not wear a necklace. She seemed interested and pleased with my conversation, and I felt much amused with her simple satire, which seemed the more poignant from the apparent simplicity and unconsciousness with which it was uttered. There was no appearance of assumed superiority; it was true that she cordially and unaffectedly enjoyed the absurdities of all her fair friends, as well as the *niaiseries* practised by the other sex, but still there was nothing ill-natured in her satire. She laughed at those things, not with the sour, atrabilarious temper of the cynic, but with the good humoured mirth of the spectator of a farce, who laughs, because he cannot help it, at the farcical follies played off for his amusement.

I mentally acknowledged that Miss St. Lawrence was deserving of a better matrimonial fate than falls to the lot of most people. I had often opportunities of increasing our inti-

macy, and of these I sedulously availed myself.

After a month spent in electioneering, flirting, and other amusements, I returned to Kilnaflesk, and rode to Glannatour on the following day. Murrough made eager inquiries regarding my success with the St. Lawrence.

"Well, you saw her—and you danced with her—and you walked with her—and you talked with her—is she very far gone? How soon may I hope for gloves?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know! why, what sort of good for nothing fellow are you, then? You've been twenty days, I suppose, in her company"—

"Only ten, at different times, Murrough."

"Well, ten—you have been ten whole days in her company; you have flash, figure, face, talent, fame, conversation, and

'The man who hath a tongue, I say is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.'"

"Why, Murrough, did your own tongue ever win a woman?"

"Undoubtedly it did—a woman with ninety thousand pounds."

"Do you mean Miss Bickerstaff, the old maid of St. Giles's, who took lodgings in Swallow Street?"

"The very person. I used to read her the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' take her cats in my lap, and mend her cracked china—Sir, she almost worshipped me—she swore by me."

"And what spoiled so promising an adventure?"

"Why her footman was jealous of my rapid advances in her favour, and one dusky evening when I called to proffer my devotions, he laid a train of cats and kittens on the floor—I trod on paws and tails innumerable, and O! such a concert of mewing, squalling and caterwauling as was instantly struck up! The awful treble of Miss Bickerstaff mingled with the orchestra of cats—in vain I pleaded the darkness of the room, and hinted my suspicions that a trap had been designedly laid for me—all would not do—I was dismissed as a heartless, cruel and un-

feeling wretch, and never readmitted into favour. But tell me about Miss St. Lawrence—Imprimis, is she handsome?"

"No—but then she has got as charmingly sweet a countenance as ever redeemed a face from the reproach of plainness."

"Is she ladylike?"

"Not very, perhaps—there *is*, I think, a touch of rusticity about her."

"What critics we are!" exclaimed Murrough; "to hear *you* talk, who have scarcely ever seen anything better than farmers' daughters or milkmaids."

"Oh, Murrough, you forget that you and I know every thing by intuition. But the St. Lawrence is so gloriously unaffected! she is wholly free from all the disgusting *missyishness* which renders young misses so intolerable. There is sharp observation and good sense in every word she utters, without the slightest parade of either. There is not the least symptom of the heiress in her manner"—

"I hope there are some symptoms of the heiress in her purse," said Murrough

"No doubt of *that*, Murrough. Then she is accomplished—plays, sings, draws, dances, rides, walks, better than any body else; she never obtrudes her accomplishments on other people's notice, but they are always at the command of her friends when required to increase the fund of social happiness."

"She must really be—*almost* charming," said Murrough; "are you in love with her?"

"Indeed, I think and hope I soon will; I am doing all I can to fall in love with her, and I trust with perseverance to succeed at last."

"O fie!" said Murrough, in a tone of grave reproof. "You ought to be in love with her already."

"Well, I will try—I will try, and man can do no more. It must be confessed that such a girl *does* deserve a husband who would make her happy. Her mind is so superior to the minds of the flounced and feathered idiots who

smirk and skip and twirl at our balls! In fact, they have not any minds, in the superior sense of the word—they have only *instincts*, and their instincts are to hate each other and to get husbands. The St. Lawrence has such a genuine contempt for them all! and it is also a good-natured contempt—there is nothing malicious or spiteful in it; her mind has placed her quite above the region of all rivalry in the husband-hunting game: she despises the men who could be caught by the silly manœuvres of common-place girls, and does not deem them objects of ambition. In short, whoever marries the St. Lawrence must respect her good sense, and admire her talents. I hate a milk-and-water woman without a vein of satire in her composition—Miss St. Lawrence is all one could wish in that respect. She is very, *very* amiable, I wish I was in love with her! Well, as I said, I will try."

CHAPTER XIII.

"This very morning, but—I did bestow
(It was a little 'gainst my will, I know)
A single kiss upon the silly swain,
And now I wish that very kiss again.
His lip is softer, sweeter than the rose,
His mouth and tongue with dropping honey flows.
The relish of it was a pleasing thing,
* * * * * * *
And that delay, methinks, most tedious is,
That keeps or hinders me of Karol's kiss."

BEN JONSON.

I SET myself laboriously to work to fall in love with Miss St. Lawrence; that is to say, I made it a point to rave for half an hour every evening to Murrough about her perfections.—I whistled her favourite airs, I copied her music, I constantly sketched her profile, or something like it, on the backs of letters and visiting cards—but all would not do; I felt to my cost that I had not a heart to bestow. I say that I felt it

to my cost; for I was perfectly conscious of her vast superiority to most girls in many important respects; and I naturally enough concluded that it would be a very felicitous thing to be in love with such a person.

Man is an imitative animal; and Murrough, seeing me constantly engaged in the various minutiæ of my love affair, thought he could not do better than set up an opposition flirtation of his own. "Now," said he, "we shall see who'll be married first."

I do not know why Murrough engaged in this interesting affair: perhaps it was in order that his restless, active mind might never want employment. Even smuggling, electioneering, horse-racing, farming, left an occasional interval unoccupied; and what so agreeable mode of filling up this vacuum as love?

Murrough's princess was an elderly maiden lady, who had lately succeeded to an income of three hundred a year by the death of a distant relation. This lady's sister, who had also succeeded to a similar bequest, resided with her.

Both ladies had long sustained the inconvenience of straitened circumstances; so that their ménage exhibited, in many particulars, a ludicrous contrast between habitual penury and the expenditure their recent acquisition of property demanded. What was chiefly remarkable about these respectable personages, was, that from the long habit of clubbing their finances and living together, they both had learned to look on any thing concerning either as a regular joint-stock concern. Thus the elder sister regarded Murrough's sentimental attentions to the other, as being directed conjointly to the *firm*, and not solely to the fair individual herself.

"Really, Mrs. Thompson," said she to an intimate acquaintance, "there has not been quiet or peace in the house since Murrough O'Driscoll fell in love with us—nothing will do but damask curtains, if you please, tabby chair cushions, wax candles, and silver forks." [The reader will remember that I write of 1793.] "He's a most uncommonly pleasant

young man, and sent us six dozen of champagne. Harriet's quite distracted about him, (in her own quiet way, you know,) and as for me, I never saw so delightful a person—he plays whist like St. Peter. He's the nicest young man I ever met, except the dear Prince of Wales, and his manners are uncommonly like the prince's. Hesther Thompson, did you ever hear me tell the story of my visits to the king and prince at Windsor?" Whether Mrs. Thompson *extinguished* the story, (which she had probably heard forty times,) I do not know.

Murrough became exceedingly assiduous in his attentions, and his assiduity was no sinecure; for making love to *one* young lady is laborious enough at all times; but what must it be to make love to a *firm?* When Murrough first offered his devotions at the younger sister's shrine, he little knew the double homage which he would be called on to perform. Curiosity led me once to accompany him on a visit to the ladies of his love, just to see how

he looked when playing the part of an adorer. In order that the reader should form a proper impression of the lover's success in this arduous duty, he should know that Murrough was a stout-built man, six feet six inches in height, with round broad shoulders, a ferocious expression of countenance, with a rich growth of red curly hair, which, utterly contemning the restraint of queues and clubs, fell in long curly tresses behind, quite over the collar of his coat. The size of his naturally ample forehead was apparently increased by his habit of keeping his hair closely shaven almost to the top of his head. Red tufts of hair grew from the centre of each ear, and some half dozen stiff red bristles protruded, like cat's whiskers, from each eyebrow. His eyes were small and twinkling, but capable of marvellous expression.

Such was the outward man of Murrough, and although one might think that it did not particularly fit him for the office of a "squire of dames," yet such was the graceful, fascinating manner, such the soft, insidious tones of

voice, such the captivating flow of words with which nature had gifted him, that more than one fair bosom had confessed that a quarter of an hour spent in his company was amply sufficient to dissipate whatever unfavourable impression his appearance at first might create; and some persons even thought him a fine, bold, manly-looking fellow. It was really astonishing, moreover, what melting, soul-subduing glances, the fellow was able to extract from the twinkling little greyish eyes. The first time Miss Harriet O'Moore (the younger sister of the firm) met him, she observed to her sister that he was certainly the ugliest man she had ever seen. The second time, she said he was positively a most agreeable being, what a pity he was so plain! The third day she spoke in brief, but impressive language, of his overwhelming agreeability, and seemed quite to have forgotten his ugliness. Emily, the more loquacious sister, declared she had never thought him plain.

"I protest, sister Harriet," said she, "I al-

ways considered him a remarkably handsome, fine, spirited looking fellow."

"If he dyed his hair and eyebrows black, and the tufts in his ears, he might do very well," said Harriet.

"What nonsense you talk!" replied Emily with spirit; "I think red hair a vast deal handsomer—it makes a man so fiery looking, and one likes them to look fierce and wicked—I hate your tame milksops of men. Dye his eyebrows, indeed! and his hair, and the tufts in his ears! why, black dye for hair always looks more blue than black, and only conceive how Murrough would look with blue tufts—sister, you astonish me!"

"I think," said Harriet, "he would look much better if he shaved away those tufts."

"What! cut his tufts off! Not for worlds! His, dear, unique, uncommon, darling little tufts! I could kiss them from morning till night! Why, sister, if he lost his tufts he would lose half his beauty! One sees nobody with tufts like Murrough's. Why, I do protest

sister Harriet, you have no more taste than a Hottentot."

"Perhaps so, sister, but I can't quite agree with you in thinking him so handsome; some people say he is quite the reverse; indeed, I thought so myself when I saw him first. Now in Dublin, I am told, he once was admired by a beautiful young lady, and when they walked together in the streets, the mob called her and Murrough 'Beauty and the beast!'"

"Well, if he *is* a beast, he is certainly the most elegant, enchanting and fascinating beast —but have you seen O'Brien Grant, who is making such a noise in the world?"

"Yes, but he's not to be compared with Murrough; a thin, spare, lathy creature—his figure puts one in mind of a champagne bottle"——

"Ay, and his genius resembles the champagne—sparkling and effervescent—however, I think I would give Murrough's appearance the preference from what you say—but, O! sister—look! look! Murrough's coming up the street—he 's coming here—there 's somebody

with him — perhaps O'Brien Grant — look! look!"

"Where is he? where is he?" cried Harriet eagerly, springing from her chair to the window, and reconnoitring from the corner of a blind so as not to be seen from without.

"He 's crossing the street! he *is* coming here!" exclaimed Emily; "ring the bell, sister Harriet—we'll sit down—let him find us reading—now for gracious' sake, Harriet, don't talk much, you always talk such nonsense before company—I'll take up the Mysteries of Udolpho—How handsome he looks!"

"And I'll be found reading one of his speeches," said Harriet, taking up a newspaper; "it will compliment him."

"Where are the cards?" said Emily, "we'll have a game of picquet with him."

As she rose to get the cards, Murrough entered. His bow, graceful and elegant as it was, descended so low as to discompose for a moment the red tresses that hung over the back of his coat, and sent them in lateral divisions

to his ears. The sisters met him in the middle of the room, and shook both his hands.

"Welcome, Irish hero!" exclaimed Emily, "how goes the canvass? We wish you all possible success—we've been canvassing for you right and left ever since we saw you,—I gave the town-seneschal here, half the case of champagne you were so kind as to send us, to wheedle him out of his vote and interest for you—you see your wine was not thrown away upon us. I protest you are looking remarkably well—sister Harriet, raise the blind till I see him in the light—positively, Mr. O'Driscoll, your electioneering agrees very well with you, you look admirably well—I never saw you looking so handsome! I assure you we hear nothing from morning till night but your praises: such speeches, and eloquence, and patriotism, and all sorts of cleverness they say you have got! Why, sir, you're a wonderful man. The moment the papers come in, we snap them up to see is there any thing from Mr. O'Driscoll,

and it is very seldom that you disappoint us, sir."

Murrough replied with a bow, an expression of acknowledgment, and a glance of inexpressible tenderness—O! such a glance!

Miss Harriet, whose manners betrayed a simplicity approaching to childishness, had a moment, now that the first explosion of her sister's volubility was over, to pay Murrough her own peculiar compliments.

"How do you do, Mr. Murrough O'Driscoll? I hope you are very well. This is a fine day, sir. We have had some fine weather lately. I think we may expect some rain to night, though."

"Sister! sister!" exclaimed Emily, "this is intolerable! are you run to the weather already? You know I told you not to talk much—I thought you were reading a speech of Mr. O'Driscoll's."

"Be quiet, sister! I would have come to that presently, but you're so impatient. Sir,

I was reading one of your beautiful speeches as you came in, and I never was half so delighted in my life. I seldom read speeches, but I can't help reading yours, they are so beautiful. I think the part where you compare the king to a rhinoceros is most delightful"——

"Sister, sister," interrupted Emily, "you really don't know what you're saying—*that* wasn't in Mr. O'Driscoll's speech at all—it was only some nonsense of the editor's."

"Dear me," replied poor Harriet, crest-fallen, "I thought it was Mr. O'Driscoll's speech I was reading, but at all events I thought it was a beautiful idea."

"It is certainly an original idea," said Murrough, "but I have no claim to it."

"I don't like the idea at all," said Emily, "for the poor dear king is a most particular friend of mine, and I would have little compunction in braining any impertinent scribbler who said he was like a rhinoceros."

"You are acquainted with the king?" said Murrough, with an air of polite inquiry, for he

judged, with his usual tact, that Miss O'Moore was extremely anxious to expatiate upon her acquaintance with royalty.

"O dear yes,—that is, when I'm in England. I must tell you all about my visit to the King and Prince of Wales at Windsor. I wonder I never told you before. You must know that my sister and I and our friend Captain Thompson went to see Windsor castle, and whom should we meet at the grand hall door but the king! His majesty knew Captain Thompson.

"'Ah, Captain,' said he, 'I am delighted to see you—which are you come to see, me or my house? my house is the attraction, I take it.—Well, Thompson, I'll do what I can for you and these ladies—I'll do what I can, what I can. People pay money for seeing my grand rooms—eleven and sixpence halfpenny, or something thereabouts—too much! too much! can't help it! can't help it! tried to stop it once, but servants mutinied. But I'll show you all the finery and grandeur myself, and

won't charge you a farthing—ha! ha! Thompson!—won't charge you a farthing.'

"'I thank your majesty,' said Thompson.

"'Hold your tongue, Thompson, hold your tongue, Thompson! I'll have it my own way, my own way—save you eleven and sixpence for yourself, and just as much more for each of the women, I suppose—what are their names, Thompson—their names, their names, eh, Thompson?'

"'The misses O'Moore, your majesty.'

"'O'Moore — O'Moore — O'Moore? Irish ladies, I presume? O yes! I love my loyal Irish subjects, especially the fairer portion, the fairer portion, Thompson.—I am glad to have an opportunity of showing them a little civility, and saving them eleven and sixpence apiece?' So his majesty hopped off to a beautiful drawing room and invited us to follow. 'Now ladies, look about you, look about you!' said the king; 'were you ever in so fine a room as this? I declare you look pale, Miss O'Moore! you look pale,' and his majesty

most graciously made me sit down, and then sat beside me. I was agitated by his august presence and made no reply. 'You look very pale, Miss O'Moore,' repeated his majesty; which most gracious expression never passed from my memory; 'but it's only because of the hot day.' The manner in which his majesty made this most gracious remark I can never forget. He said twice after, 'the day is very hot—hot day, hot day, hot day—don't you think so, Miss O'Moore?' 'I do, your majesty,' said I. 'Certainly,' answered the king; 'I knew you must think so—I knew it, I knew it, I knew it—it's as hot as an oven, as hot as an oven. By and by we shall all be baked, baked, baked!' The Prince of Wales now entered the room. 'George,' said the good king, 'open one of the windows—Miss O'Moore feels it hot.' I was ready to sink into the earth beneath all these unmerited favours and condescensions. 'Nay, don't be confused,' said the Prince, 'you must pay me by and by, Miss O'Moore,'—which gracious

expression of his royal highness increased my confusion to a still greater pitch, and I blushed like a cabbage rose. 'You seem agitated,' said the Prince, tenderly; 'can I do any thing to assist you?' 'No, no, George, no, no,' said the king—'no, no, no—no, no,—no, no, no—not proper, not proper, not proper—must always save appearances, George—must always save appearances—Miss O'Moore is tired and hot, George—we will not distress her with too much condescension, you know—I wish her to be quite at her ease—here 's something to refresh her till she drives back to the village to her dinner;' and his majesty with infinite kindness most graciously presented me with a piece of admirable gingerbread, which he graciously took out of his royal pocket. 'Take it, Miss O'Moore,' said his majesty—'take it, don't be shy, but take it, take it, take it—it 's the best gingerbread in my dominions—I always buy it myself from old Poll Morris the gingerbread woman, at the corner of the street—she charges me a penny a cake more than

anybody else because of my being the king. But we great folks must submit to imposition now and then, I suppose—it serves trade, Miss O'Moore—it serves trade, and if we are blessed with more wealth than the rest of the world, why we must not be niggardly, we must not be niggardly—not that I've very much wealth, Miss O'Moore, and then I must save or I'd be broke, for believe me it 's no joke to breed up a large brood of princes, a large brood of princes.' I assure you, Mr. O'Driscoll, I never can forget the condescending kindness of my poor dear friend, the king; and he said so kindly when we were going away, 'I hope you'll come look at my house as often as you like, Miss O'Moore.' "

"I think he might have given us luncheon," observed Harriet.

"Poor man!" replied Emily, "how could he afford to lunch all his loving subjects who might go to look at Windsor castle? he gave us gingerbread, and that was a vast deal for *him*. But we will give Mr. O'Driscoll and

his friend some more substantial refreshment than gingerbread,"—and Miss O'Moore rose to ring the bell, and in rising displaced a few music books which lay on a neighbouring chair. Among them was an ornamented copy of the Volunteer's March, arranged as a song, adorned with a shamrock border, and a medallion likeness of the Bishop of Derry. Murrough took it up.

"You've no idea," said Emily, "how sweetly Harriet sings the Volunteer's March. It is a patriotic melody, Mr. O'Driscoll, and of course must be a favourite of yours."

Mr. O'Driscoll asked Harriet, in his happiest manner, to sing the Volunteer's March.

"I never sing without accompaniment," said Harriet, who thought proper to coy it.

"She never sings without a kettle-drum," said Emily.

"A kettle-drum!" replied Murrough with exemplary gravity; "that is a singular accompaniment."

"Not for a martial air," said Emily; "it

sounds extremely characteristic. Mr. Tomkinson, the kettle-drummer of the 64th band, obligingly comes with his drum, and plays for my sister, whenever she is disposed for a martial duet. You are such an uncommonly talented person, Mr. O'Driscoll, I am sure you must sing—*do* come on Tuesday, and you, and Tomkinson and Harriet can have some sort of concert—Tomkinson is an extremely proper and respectful person, I assure you—knows how to keep his distance perfectly well. Harriet, do you remember Captain Harvey of the first dragoons?"

"Captain Harvey?—let me see"——

"O, I am sure you must remember him, for we admired him—that is, he was in love with us for a week."

"For a week!" exclaimed Murrough; "is it possible his admiration expired in a week?"

"He was only a week in this town," answered Emily, "and of course I know nothing of his feelings after he quitted it. I assure you," (in a low and confidential whisper to

Murrough,) "the first dragoons admired Harriet excessively."

I could not help muttering to Murrough, "I am sure they were the first dragoons who admired her."

"Harvey was a very agreeable person," said Emily; "he recommended Tomkinson as a music-master here; Tomkinson is much more scientific than the Galway music-masters. Harvey was enchanting on the violin; he had two superb German violins here, and used to call forth such ravishing strains when duetting with Harriet."

"It seems he used *violins* to gain her affections," said Murrough, with a glance that might melt diamonds into dew. Both ladies applauded Murrough's pun, as much as ladies in general applaud the nonsense of professed admirers.

"O, that's true," said Emily, as if suddenly recollecting something; "you will come, of course, to the fancy ball next week?"

"Shall I meet you there?" asked Murrough.

"Yes, and I propose that we form a group; but it must not be common-place—I want something quite out of the way, something quite *bizarre*—suppose, Mr. O'Driscoll, you appear in the character of Zephyr, and Harriet and I will be Aurora and one of the Graces?"

"The trio should be preceded by Tomkinson and his kettle-drum," said I.

"I think that would be perfectly needless," said Murrough; "I am sure we will be sufficiently conspicuous without the aid of Mr. Tomkinson's rub-a-dub to announce our approach. But I don't think I should make a good Zephyr—I am not sufficiently airy."

"You have certainly produced a good breeze in the county," observed Emily.

Murrough bowed.

"I think," said I, "that if Miss O'Moore's object be merely the selection of some unprecedented group, I could propose an unrivalled one. What do you think of Murrough's ap-

pearing as an innocent miss of sixteen, brought out to see the world, and to catch a husband; and Miss O'Moore as the young lady's father —a general officer, suppose, in full regimentals?"

"Admirable!" exclaimed Emily, laughing, and looking tenderly at Murrough; "I should *so* like to have the task of chaperoning my innocent inexperienced young charge, and introducing her to the ways of the world!"

"Thank you, papa," said Murrough, innocently; "I am sure I could not have a more competent instructor for my inexperienced youth, nor one whose lessons I should more willingly receive."

"But what are you to do with *me?*" said Harriet, who did not at all relish being omitted in this allocation of characters.

"Why, I think," said I, "that you might be the *beau* whom our innocent, infantine miss will endeavour to attract."

"Oh, no indeed!" cried Emily, "I will be

the beau, if you please, and let Harriet be the old general."

"Indeed I won't," said Harriet, poutingly, "Mr. Grant has allotted us our characters, and we must not exchange—I have not any generalship at all—I never can make a decent fight, I surrender at discretion,"—and she breathed forth a most meaning sigh.

"Well, sister, have it as you please—but I want to see how our youthful protegée looks in his feminine character,"—and Emily suddenly transplanted her cap from her own head to Murrough's.

Imagine a delicate lace cap, laden with pink ribbons, surmounting the uncouth and ferocious physiognomy of Murrough,—his long red curls escaping from beneath the little gossamer border, which scarcely covered the tufts in his ears—imagine him screwing up his rather unpromising features into a mincing and missyish smirk, and sending forth a glance of bashful maiden modesty from his sly, twinkling eyes—

imagine all this, and wonder if you can, that Harriet, Emily, and I, burst into a violent fit of laughter.

"You look so like an old conjuror," I exclaimed.

"He looks like an angel!" exclaimed both ladies at once.

"Apropos," said Emily, "we are going out to-morrow; perhaps you will be disengaged to escort us? I am going to Connemara."

"I shall attend you with infinite pleasure," replied Murrough.

"But I am going to Corrinisky," said Harriet, "and I expect Mr. O'Driscoll will escort *me;* you know, sister, it is less material to have an escort in that wild Connemara, where nobody sees whether one is escorted or not."

Both sisters looked eagerly at Murrough. "Never mind Harriet," said Emily, "come with *me*, Mr. O'Driscoll."

"Never mind Emily," said Harriet, "come with *me*, Mr. O'Driscoll."

"Oh, Harriet," exclaimed Emily, "you

need not go out to-morrow; you may stay at home and take a lesson on the kettle-drum from Tomkinson."

Harriet replied not to this taunt, but urged Murrough to decide in her favour with all the persuasion of which she was mistress.

"But he has PROMISED ME, you know," said Emily. Poor Murrough was placed in a trying situation; he urged the rival fair ones to appoint different hours for their respective expeditions, in order that he might enjoy the felicity of accompanying both; but the spirit of perverseness was too strong to adopt any compromise, so that Murrough had to choose between offending both, and offending only one. Emily pleaded that Murrough had promised her first; he could not deny the plea, and accordingly acknowledged its validity. Harriet smiled, apparently satisfied with the decision which Murrough had made. We took leave amidst smiles—smiles of triumph on the lips of Emily, and of resignation upon those of Harriet.

"You have won your way to both their hearts," said I.

"Indeed," said Murrough, stroking his chin with great complacency, "we flatter ourselves that we have been tolerably irresistible—in fact, we fear, *too* irresistible, for future peace. But hang me if I stand it any longer! if I possibly could marry *both*, it might be very well; but as I can only take one, I should probably have my eyes scratched out by the other. Heigho! it is really no joke to make love to a couple of old maids! It is about as tough a job as ever I engaged in. I wish I was well out of the business one way or another."

The following day Murrough escorted Emily on her ride, according to his promise. On his return he looked delassé and peevish.

"You poor devil," said I, "I pity you! This is courtship—this is love!"

"Curse the pair of them!" exclaimed Murrough; "it's a desperate bore, to be sure; but I cannot shake them off until after the election; for Lynch assured me yesterday they have

thirty-three votes on the plow-land of Slieve-ballykillmac-Muckeridge-town. So I am chained to the mill for another month at all events," continued the poor fellow with a sigh, "and that is no trifle, Jack, if you only knew the service required at my hands to-morrow."

"Service! what service?" I demanded, quite alarmed. "I hope Emily has not insisted on getting immediately married to you, to guard against all risk from the charms of Harriet?"

"Not quite so bad as that," replied Murrough; "in fact, on the contrary, the employment is one which concerns the service of both ladies. Emily informed me that they go out airing to-morrow in their family carriage, and insists on my being charioteer. D—n me if I haven't a mind to upset them in a ditch!"

"Oh, Murrough, remember the thirty-three votes!"

"True, Jack—that's a quietus. But did you ever see the carriage? Why, it has not been ten times in use for the last thirty years,

so we will be sure to have all the boys in the parish shouting after us. Only Noah didn't run a carriage, I would swear it was an antediluvian turn out. I am told, the last occasion on which it was used, was to convey its fair mistresses to a dinner-party given about twelve years ago by the Countess of Grimsborough on one of her visits to this neighbourhood; and just as it reached her hall-door the bottom fell out, and Harriet and Emily along with it. Peter Lynch (who seems perfectly ubiquitous) ran up to their assistance, and found them not in the least discomposed. Harriet was quietly seated on the fallen cushions, arranging the curls of her everlasting *helmet* with Emily's assistance. 'No, thank you, Mr. Lynch,' said she in reply to Peter's friendly proffers of aid, 'not till Emily puts my hair to rights—much obliged to you, Sir, for all that. Since this little accident has happened the *chay*, it's lucky we were dropped out at her ladyship's hall-door.'

"'But had you not better get up, ladies?'

pursued Peter, 'the horses might take fright and run away.'

"'No fear in the world of it, Sir,' replied Emily, 'because they *couldn't*—we never keep runaway cattle.' Peter looked at the steeds, and they certainly appeared to deserve the eulogium; the wonder seemed only to be, how the starved-looking devils had pulled the equipage so far. 'Now, Sir, if you please,' said Emily. Peter advanced, and gallantly extricated the fair sisters from the awkward position which they occupied with such philosophic composure.

"At dinner, Lady Grimsborough remarked that the Misses O'Moore had arrived rather late.

"'The bottom dropped out of our carriage,' said Harriet, by way of apology.

"'Indeed!' said her ladyship.

"'And *we* fell out along with it,' said Emily, 'but no harm was done us—the carriage was not going at the time: we had stopped that very moment at your ladyship's door, when crack! went the seat, and there we were sitting

on the gravel sweep before you could count two.'

"'Really, Miss O'Moore,' said her ladyship, 'I must congratulate you on possessing extraordinary nerve, for you don't seem at all discomposed by so very unexpected and alarming an accident.'

"'Why, we couldn't fall farther than the ground,' replied Harriet; 'and besides, we had Mr. Lynch to pick us up.'

"'Probably that consideration reconciled you to the accident,' said Lady Grimsborough.

"Peter bore most ample testimony to their stoical indifference; and Emily, who in those days was rather too naïvely frank, whispered Peter that she would willingly encounter a similar adventure every day, if she only could be certain of the aid of so gallant a knight to rescue her from difficulty.—And this carriage, Jack, this *chay*, the bottom of which tumbled out from old age twelve years ago!—I am to be perched on the coach-box to-morrow, steering the cortêge through the country, and

driving the old horses,—O, such horses! Positively, I should be afraid to drive them under a rookery, lest the crows should mistake them for carrion and fasten on their carcases!"

I was wholly unable to sympathise in the woes which poor Murrough recounted, so irresistibly ludicrous had his mimicry of Harriet and Emily rendered the whole story. I left him, therefore, to make the best of his perplexities, and returned to Kilnaflesk to make some arrangements preparatory to my starting for Kilshindy to contest the borough with the former member.

CHAPTER XIV.

"*Count Basset.* Well! five hundred will serve to make a handsome push with, however."

A JOURNEY TO LONDON.

Now came the tug of war. The writ for the election of a discreet and proper burgess to represent Kilshindy in the Commons' House of Parliament, arrived in the borough. My friends there had written to beg that I might dash in among them in style. I therefore took my grandmother's landau, which she had left behind at Kilnaflesk, got a Galway coach-maker to give it some repairs, hired six post-horses and four outriders, threw open the carriage, and accompanied by Murrough, left Galway amid the cheers, prayers, and blessings of the multitude.

It had always appeared to our little council

pre-eminently necessary to impress on the minds of the party who supported Mr. Clarkson, (the opposite candidate,) a belief that we could *beat them with money*, as the electioneering phrase has it. With this view I had published an advertisement in many of the newspapers about three weeks before, in the following terms:—

"£7500 TO BE LENT AT INTEREST
AT FIVE PER CENT.

Unexceptionable security will be required. Application to be made to O'BRIEN GRANT, ESQ., Kilnaflesk."

In the course of ten days after the appearance of this advertisement a person (whom I afterwards discovered to be one of Clarkson's friends) applied to me for the loan of the money. I answered that I had already lent £3500, and had changed my intention of lending the rest, as I found I should require the remaining £4000 "*for certain approaching expenses.*" It was now indispensably requisite to preserve the appearance of wealth;

and with this view our party, on arriving in the town, immediately planted our camp in the midst of the enemy's citadel; in other words, we established ourselves in the inn, whose proprietor was a known supporter of the Clarkson party. Here, we were perfectly aware, we would be subjected to the minute inspection of our adversaries and their retainers, from the landlord down to the chambermaids, and that spies and eavesdroppers would put all their powers of discovery into requisition against us. To arrange our finances, so as to wear the appearance of at least a dozen times their actual amount, was therefore our next care; the project was ingeniously devised and executed, and, I think, deserves a record in these pages.

Our actual stock of money was about £500; consisting of two notes for one hundred pounds each; four notes for fifty pounds each; one twenty pound note; twenty guineas; a bag of farthings, and the rest in one pound notes.

These one pound notes we arranged on the

breakfast table in seven separate piles. At the top of two of these piles, were ostentatiously expanded the notes for £100 each; the four fifties occupied similar positions on the tops of four other piles of one pound notes; and the remaining pile of small notes was capped with the £20 note. Thus, to a casual observer, we appeared to possess two piles of hundred pound notes, four piles of fifties, and one pile of twenties. I should mention that a plethoric purse of shillings lay partly open on the table, its embouchure invitingly exhibiting two or three guineas, so disposed as to conceal the silver, and affording golden promise of the hidden contents.

The waiter who attended us at breakfast, gazed upon our rich display with wondering eyes. When he was gone to spread the news of our exhaustless wealth through the house, "Now," said I to Murrough, "we will play off our game upon the landlord, if you please. Lynch, call mine host."

Peter Lynch immediately rose to summon

the landlord, who entered accordingly. Murrough seemed wholly engrossed in calculations of our money.

"Your servant, Sir," said I; "I wanted to see you to give you some directions about dinner—(Are you *quite* sure, Murrough, you have twenty-six of the hundred pound notes?"

"I am—don't disturb me or you'll put me out".) This was all *par parenthese.*

"Waiters are so stupid, Sir," said I, resuming my address to the landlord, "and the fellows here seem to say that there is not good mutton in your markets, and a saddle of mutton is my favourite dinner."

"There's elegant mutton in the house, Sir—and the saddle of a sheep of my own that was killed last Thursday—the sweetest bit of meat in the kingdom; as I'm an honest man, Sir, the fore-quarter weighed forty-eight pounds." And all the while, the landlord continued staring at the money as if his eyes could have eaten it.

"Twenty-six of the hundred pounders," said

Murrough, as if continuing his calculations; "twenty fifties—that makes—let me see—£3600—which, with these twenty twenties, makes £4000—O'Brien Grant, how many guineas have you got in the purse?"

"Two hundred and fifty-six," said I.

"Are you *quite* certain?"

"Oh, yes—I reckoned them yesterday evening, after we got here."

"Bless me," cried Murrough, starting suddenly up, "where's the canvas bag of guineas?"

"The bag that's to help out the *canvass?*" said Peter Lynch, grinning at his wit.

"Tut, nonsense," said Murrough, as if he felt uneasy; "where's the bag?"

"Here," said I, "on the floor, by my chair," —and I brandished the bag of farthings at him.

"Oh, that's right," said he, resuming his seat, as if relieved of much anxiety. "I protest I felt seriously uneasy about it—Well, does not that contain a thousand?"

"Exactly," answered I.

"Well, the devil's in it if that won't do

business," rejoined Murrough; "and if anything 's short, I'll fly you a cheque on the bank for the difference."

"Any thing else?" said the landlord. "I have capital tender beef in the house."

"Why, yes," replied I; "have you got—any—let me see—any—a—soups?"

"The best, Sir—gravy soup, turtle soup"—

"O, very well—turtle soup, and any thing else you please, at six o'clock—have dinner for sixteen, and don't forget the saddle of mutton—I always travel with my own wines—but you can give us claret for thirty, for the good of the house."

"Thank you, Sir."

"And I'll warrant we'll find somebody to drink it—ha! ha! and have dinner at six to the minute.—Good morning, Sir." So the landlord decamped in huge astonishment at the monstrous exhibition of wealth he had beheld.

"Really, you did it well," said Murrough. "Turtle soup in Kilshindy! O, Moses!—And

my gentleman always travels with his own wine, too!—a devil that would hardly know champagne from buttermilk were it not for my instructions—truly that wasn't bad! Now, ere this, I'll bet you a whip to a wisp, that the news has flown to Clarkson that twenty thousand golden guineas were displayed on Mr. O'Brien Grant's breakfast table. These things always magnify enormously."

"I'll tell you an excellent scheme,' said Peter Lynch; "Delamere, the banker, in this town, is one of Clarkson's sworn friends,—we will play off a trick on his bank that will clinch the business."

"How so?" demanded Murrough.

'Come with me to the bank and you'll see." Accordingly they proceeded after breakfast to the Kilshindy bank, taking with them £500, which they instantly exchanged into Delamere's five pound notes. Possessed of the Kilshindy notes, Lynch mounted Murrough's blood hunter, Democrat, and "skelped," as he expressed it, over hedge and ditch to Galway,

which might be a dozen miles distant by the route he adopted.

Arrived in Galway, he changed them again into large notes of national paper, and instantly returned to Kilshindy, where he changed them over again the same day at Delamere's bank.

"Now," said Peter, "the Clarksons must think we're bribing like the deuce—here 's £1000 that we've changed at the bank to-day into Delamere's five pound paper; a little more of this work will convince them that we've got the Peruvian gold mines at our command, and that a money contest is a useless thing to think of." Murrough and I laughed heartily at Peter's admirable ruse; "never," said Murrough, "was £500 made to go so far."

"It only went to Galway and back again," said Peter.

"Peter, Peter, you will kill us with your wit"——

"No fear of that," said he; "we must all sharpen our wits for to-morrow; for then comes the tug of war."

During the whole day the population of Kilshindy drew largely on our oratorical resources: their alternate calls for Murrough and me were unceasing. They kept us all day making speeches from the windows of the inn, one down the other come on. They were really insatiable; their oratorical mania appeared to increase with its gratification.

It was wholly impossible to spout *sense* for such a lengthened period, but we amply supplied the deficiency with nonsense. Our audience fortunately were not fastidious; they knew we wished themselves and Ireland well. And as we bellowed forth our patriotic feelings from the window, we sometimes made them laugh, we cared not how—whether by our wit, if a chance spark fell; or if not, by our absurdity, or perhaps by some allusion to a local jest or a nickname; which last source of merriment never failed to excite tumultuous laughter. The poor fellows were good-humoured, and quite predisposed to admire any thing which fell from our lips. Indeed, we put their powers

of admiration to the test; for I well recollect that at the close of the day, when a general shout for "the boy with the red head" summoned Murrough for the sixth time to the window, he turned to Lynch with a very lackadaisical expression of countenance, and said, "Well, Peter, this is paying a tax for popularity or the deuce is in it! I've exhausted all my oratorical powers for *this* day—what on earth shall I say to them?"

"O, any thing at all that comes into your head," replied Lynch; "sense or nonsense, or neither, by goles! just any thing at all, man. D—n it, tell them the nicknames, can't you, that the wild boys beyond Galway call yourself and Jack Grant here."

This hint was sufficient to set Murrough going.

"Thank you, my beloved Irishmen, for this the sixth summons to the window you have this day given me. I have already five times told you how dearly I love Ireland, and you like the sentiment so well, that nothing less

will serve you than to hear it for the sixth time. My beloved Irishmen! love your lovely country!"

This admonition, pronounced in a lachrymose tone which was meant to be pathetic, elicited rapturous applause. The orator continued, "It is because O'Brien Grant and I love Ireland, and because we love Kilshindy and the county Galway, that we desire the honour of representing you in Parliament, and of thundering your woes in the ears of your oppressors. They will not listen to us till we roar at them! (Hurra!)—but roar we will, and roar with awful power! (Hurra!) By the immortal gods we will set up such a hullaballoo about their ears as shall make the despicable tyrants shiver in their seats! Never fear, boys, but we'll bellow till we deafen them! (Loud applause.) Yes, my boys, yes, my faithful Irishmen! yes, my fine rollicking fellows! (Loud hurras, and cries of Keep it up! keep it up!) My distinguished relative and I, in the course of our glorious crusade against bigotry, monopoly, and chartered

insolence, have acquired from the Galway boys the deserved appellations of Thunder and Lightning! (Uproarious applause for several minutes.) The deep and burning indignation which I cherish, and which I am ever ready to pour forth in a torrent as inexhaustible as its source, has earned for me the former sonorous designation! while my patriotic relative flashes forth his pointed diatribes against the oppressors of his country, in words as withering as the very lightning of the heavens, blasting, scorching, and destroying all the monstrous masses of corruption and delinquency at which his formidable artillery is pointed! (Cries of hurroo! hurroo! Tundher and Lightning for ever! Flourishing of alpeens and shillellaghs—by dad they're the ratthlers!) Woe to the enemy of Ireland who meets us in debate! As for my friend, I can only say that in that arduous war, Truth herself issues brighter from his lips—Patriotism assumes a more majestic attitude, and Reason issues forth, possessed of an electric power, which like the shock of the

torpedo, instantaneously paralyzes enmity and prejudice into humble acquiescence. Such are his transcendent powers. Of my own humble abilities I say nothing—I shall only state my sentiments; I will say, and say truly, that I love you; I will say that I feel for your oppressions and am doing my utmost to remove them; it is with this view I stand here to aid the return of O'Brien Grant for the borough of Kilshindy. Our pursuits have hitherto been in a great measure rural—we come, like Quintus Cincinnatus from the plough to assume the Dictatorship. (Hurra!) My boys, you have heretofore been slaves; the representation of your ancient borough has been monopolized by one or two families; your political and personal rights have been trampled on; you have hitherto been accustomed, after a weary day of thankless, hopeless toil, to creep despondent and fatigued to your damp straw beds! but your beds will be no longer damp; for behold! the glorious Sun of Liberty has arisen, *and is airing your blankets!*"

This sublime specimen of the bathos, was received, like everything else, with unbounded applause. It was now dark—Murrough sat down quite exhausted; Lynch shut the windows; but the noises without still continued—rockets, squibs and crackers testified the tumultuous delight and high spirits of the people.

Our dinner company now poured into the apartment.

"Gentlemen," said one of them, advancing, "I must congratulate you both in the name of my admiring townsmen, on the unrivalled powers of eloquence you have displayed—no wonder you're a little fatigued."

"I'm half dead," said Murrough.

"I'm half dead," said I.

"And I," — said Peter Lynch, looking tired and tragical—Murrough looked at him and placed his finger on his nose—"am brisk and fierce, and up and doing!" exclaimed Peter, finishing his sentence, and suddenly assuming an appearance of vast life and gaiety.

"There was a report all day till four o'clock,"

said one of the gentlemen, " that Mr. Clarkson and one of his friends intended to address the people from the opposite house."

" They were prudent to relinquish that intention," said another of the guests; " one day's rivalry upon the hustings will be bad enough; but if they had spoken this day they would have expended too much of their ammunition—they would have made an awful hole in their pie-crust. Mr. Clarkson has been hammering and stammering at his speech for a week, and I understand he has not got it yet. We will have a good laugh at him to-morrow on the hustings."

" He is in the greatest alarm," said the first speaker, " regarding the probable event of the contest. I believe he can sport no more than £1500, and he is perfectly well aware that Mr. O'Brien Grant has brought down ten thousand pounds—Nay, don't be surprised, young gentleman; you see I am perfectly acquainted with your funds; in fact they are no secret, and I assure you the knowledge that

so much money will be brought to bear against him, has paralyzed his energies considerably."

"I shall not bribe a single voter," said I.

"O, of course not—of course not, sir; you are much too prudent to infringe on the bribery laws; but then you may give the barber ten guineas for shaving you, or buy a pack of cards for twenty guineas at the stationer's, or—in short any trifle of this sort is perfectly allowable; you understand me."

"Oh, perfectly," said I, internally resolved on making none of these expensive purchases, and mentally reverting to the story Lynch had formerly told us, of Daly's election for the county.

However, (rare in the annals of elections!) the Kilshindy men did not ask a single bribe; nay, many of them refused large bribes from the Clarkson set, although their circumstances were extremely necessitous. These proofs of political honesty and spirit deserve to be recorded. All that the poor fellows required, was indemnification for the persecution they

expected from Clarkson for voting against him. This, no doubt, was expensive enough; and Murrough and I retired after dinner to consult with one of the priests of the parish as to the cheapest mode of effecting the object. We scrutinized the list of electors, and the priest, who knew every man among them, assured us we should have a majority of twenty. Murrough declared his intention of announcing on the following day to the people, that we were sure of a majority of one hundred and twenty. "It will keep them in spirits," said he, "and when boldly proclaimed, it will terrify Clarkson."

Next morning the election commenced. It is not my intention to weary the reader with too minute a detail of our achievements; let it be sufficient to say that the popular desire was stronger than ever; Clarkson, a mean, insignificant-looking person, rose to speak, was indebted to me for a hearing,—was hissed by the populace—I replied to his speech with effect; the polling commenced, continued for three

days, at the end of which I was declared duly elected as member for Kilshindy, by the promised majority of twenty.

"I thought," said one of Clarkson's partisans, tauntingly, "that you were to have had a majority of one hundred and twenty? Your friend, Mr. Murrough O'Driscoll, boasted that such was to be your number—pray, where are they?"

"Sir," replied I, "we made you a present of a hundred of them and beat you with the rest."

We remained a day or two in the borough to return thanks to my constituents, during which, petitions in poetry and prose were presented to Murrough and me for losses sustained in our service. One of the petitioners requested remuneration for bawling himself hoarse on the day of my return; another had received a black eye from a partisan of Clarkson's, in a boxing-match caused by a wrangle on the subject of our relative merits; and this man expected that "my honour would consider him."

An apple-woman's stall had been upset by a crowd of my supporters the day I was chaired, and the proprietress expected indemnification. A distiller's swab had been turned out of his master's employment for drinking health and success to O'Brien Grant, and, of course, was sure that my honour would not see him want. Endless were the applications of this nature; and perhaps it is worthy of remark, as a proof of the poetical propensities of our countrymen, that the petitions in rhyme far outnumbered their prosaic rivals. They invested me with all possible perfections and endowments; they liberally furnished me with ancestors of whom I never had heard, and estates which I never possessed; and the flattering mention which many of them made of my personal attractions, seemed to evince that some of the fairer portion of the community had a share in these effusions.

At length, Murrough, Lynch, and I bade adieu to the borough, and set off in my carriage on our route to Kilnaflesk. But our admiring

friends were resolved we should not leave the town without giving them another display of our rhetorical prowess. It was now dark; the windows displayed some occasional attempts at illumination, and our carriage was stopped in the outlets by the crowd, who insisted on a parting speech. A score of brilliant bonfires started up in a moment; we could not refuse, so Murrough sprang out, mounted the coach-box, and spoke for an hour and forty minutes; I was dropping asleep from fatigue, having paid two hundred and sixty visits in the course of the day; so that all I heard of Murrough's rhetoric, were the occasional catchwords of "Ireland—Liberty—Liberty—Ireland—Kilshindy—Liberty—shillellaghs and whiskey and father O'Dowd—hurrah! Our sovereign lord, the people—Freedom of election—Freedom of conscience—Broken heads and father O'Guggerty—hurroo! Liberty—ecstasy—hullabalooo!" mixed with the noisy acclamations of the gay-hearted poor fellows around us. It was fortunate for me, that Murrough's parting

speech lasted so long, for it gave me some time to recruit my wearied powers, ere I was summoned forth to exercise my own gifts on the coach-box. When Murrough re-entered the carriage, I ascended the rostrum. I totally forget what I said, having been more asleep than awake till the moment I commenced; but a reporter to the Galway Free Press, who witnessed and described the strange scene, designates the speech of Mr. O'Brien Grant as having been in the highest degree eloquent and luminous, while its spirit was slightly depressed by a shade of melancholy, doubtless occasioned by the young and patriotic member's approaching separation from his friends and constituents.

At length I ceased—ensconced myself once more in a corner of the carriage; the whips of our postillions cracked, the cattle pranced off, and away we drove at the rate of a dozen miles an hour, the shouts of the people ringing fainter and fainter as we went, till at last they were lost in the distance.

"Now, you old devil," said Murrough,

"now for it! Heigh, for Miss St. Lawrence, you old brute! now that we've made an M.P. of you, let us see what your M.P.-ship will effect with the fair Henrietta. Now or never, now and for ever!"

"Keep all that till I'm awake, Murrough, only *do* let me sleep in peace now—I'll make an M.P. of *you* next week if you let me alone—I will, upon my honour."

We travelled all night, though at a much slower pace than at first, for we soon began to ascend the rough and hilly roads among the mountain passes of Dunmourne; and our slumberous reveries were disturbed at intervals by the jolting of the carriage, as the wheels would encounter the obstruction of a torrent-worn gully; or by the monotonous voices of the postillions, encouraging the horses to surmount some rugged inequality. Through craggy rocks, steep hills, and total darkness, our progress was necessarily slow; and we deemed it respectable travelling to arrive about eight the next morning at Kilnaflesk.

CHAPTER XV.

" L'amour n'est pas un feu qu'on renferme en une ame,
Tout nous trahit, le voix, le silence, les yeux,
Et les feux mal-couverts n'en eclatent que mieux.
* * * * * * *
Me cherchiez vous, Madame ?
Un espoir si charmant, me seroit il permis ?"

PHEDRE ET ANDROMAQUE.

My father met us at the door; he was up and dressed, though the hour was so early. He suppressed a smile with difficulty, as the carriage approached, and waited on the hall-door steps until we entered the house. Deeming, I suppose, that it was *infra dig.* to make any inquiries of Murrough or me, or to seem at all interested in the result of the election, he continued silent on the subject, until Murrough greeted him with the intelligence that I was now the member for Kilshindy. " I always

told you," he added, "what master hopeful would do."

"He 's a d——d jackass, and never will do any good while you are at his elbow," said my father; bursting, however, into a good-humoured laugh of gratified vanity. "And, pray, master hopeful, how soon do you start to perform your senatorial duties?"

"Of course, not till parliament meets," answered Murrough; "besides, he must previously start to perform his matrimonial duties."

"Matrimonial fiddlestick!" exclaimed my father.

"With your parental blessing and permission, Sir," said I.

"Parental fiddlestick!" cried Captain Grant. "You know, you jackass, you need never trouble me for parental blessings or permissions; as for the blessings, 'faith you may have a horse-load of them if they'll do you any good, upon my honour! and as for the permission—fire away at the girl with all my heart, as I understand she 's rich. On my ho-

nour, though,—the girl 's a Papist, and I don't quite relish the idea of landing any of your papistical trumpery at Kilnaflesk—though no doubt it 's through papistry and that sort of thing you got your seat in parliament, which one shouldn't quite forget in making calculations of this kind. And as papistry now is coming, one may say, into fashion, why, a rich papistical girl mayn't be altogether so devilish rum an article for a wife, upon my honour. There are some fine women papists, too—Mrs. Massey Dawson is a splendid creature—she was separated from her husband thirteen times, which gives her a sort of éclat among the fashionable circles."

"The thirteen separations were all *his* fault," said Murrough.

"I hope," observed I, "that if I am so fortunate as to obtain Miss St. Lawrence's hand, we may not be so often separated."

"Oh," said Murrough, "half the number of separations would answer every purpose of éclat you might require."

"I can tell you, my man," said Captain

Grant, "that if you take the girl, I'd advise you to stick to her, although she *is* a papist; separations are foolish affairs; no good that I can see ever comes of them."

As I strolled in the course of the day through the park, I did not trust myself near the abode of my poor Mary Sheridan. I casually asked Captain Grant for my nurse.

"Poor woman," he replied, "she's much to be pitied, for your young friend, Mary, is very ill and confined to her bed." I started, but my father, who never possessed much penetration, did not seem to observe my emotion, and continued, "you ought to go see them, my boy—I was there yesterday—they are the decentest people I ever saw in all my life of their class, 'pon my honour! the little cottage was as neat as a drawing-room, although the poor girl is sick. Really, John, you ought to go and see them, it would compliment your nurse, and she deserves it; besides which, it might help to cure poor little Mary, too, to see her young master a member of parliament! On my honour you

and I will go there to-morrow, and you shall give them an account of all your doings at Kilshindy—some of your frolics will make Mary laugh, and I'm sure a laugh would serve her and help to raise her spirits."

My father always spoke of my nurse's little family in a tone of kindly and familiar affection, widely different from the aristocratic spirit with which he affected to regard the lower orders generally. But in truth, there was far more affectation than reality in this; for his heart was naturally kind and beneficent to all; and although his military habits had led him to be rather the commander than the landlord and master of his people, yet, whenever an occasion occurred in which his aid and protection were required, he never was found wanting. Nurse and her son had ever been especial favourites, and no one could see or know Mary without feeling an affectionate interest about her. It was far from my intention to accompany my father to the cottage; I dreaded meeting Mary under the circumstances in which

we relatively stood. I had not, indeed, made an offer of marriage to Miss St. Lawrence, but I stood so far committed with her, as that every one believed I meant shortly to offer her my hand; add to which, I had gone to the trouble and expense of contesting the borough of Kilshindy for the purpose of forwarding my suit, and I did not like now to recede. I had strong misgivings that one half hour spent with Mary would demolish all the elaborate admiration I had taken so much pains to excite in my mind for Miss St. Lawrence, and I did not quite wish all my pains to go for nothing. Sometimes, indeed, a remorseful thought suggested that perhaps Mary's illness was caused by my desertion; but then I called to mind the scene of our last meeting, and the firm resolution she had shown to reject my addresses; and I thought that a mind capable of feeling, and being actuated by the noble and self-denying motives which urged her to form that decision, would be quite too strong to sink beneath regrets for its own deliberate and voluntary act.

In short, I made up my mind not to see her, and incurred a reproof for ill-nature from my father, for neglecting his appointment to visit the cottage.

My uncle Henry arrived in the course of the day from a distant part of the county. He congratulated me upon my senatorial honours, which, he said, would put the richest girl in the kingdom at my command. "It was foolish, very foolish to be sure," said he, "to spend £500 on it; however, the women are such d——d fools, that the M.P. to your name may enable you to catch as many additional thousands as you have spent hundreds. Remember, I have always told you that your expectations from me are completely dependent on your own exertions. If I see you make money, no matter how,—whether by marrying an heiress or dancing on the tight rope,—it will show me you're a sensible fellow that deserves to have money, and I shan't forget you in my will. But if you spend and waste, d—n the penny I'll leave you; I'll bequeath it all in charity, for the good of my soul."

"Thank you, sir," said I; "if you leave it to me you will leave it in charity, for I shall probably be pretty well screwed up by that time."

"If you leave it to me," said Murrough, "you'll leave it for the good of your soul, for you may rely on it that whatever is possessed by such an exemplary personage as I am, will wander, heaven-directed, to the poor."

"Humph! a pretty pair of blades! my substance would be prettily squandered between you! it would be a pity to leave it to you, Murrough O'Driscoll—you contrive to live so well without any ostensible means, that money would quite spoil you, by depriving you of the exercise of your ingenuity."

"Not at all, sir, I assure you—I would exhibit quite as much ingenuity in getting rid of it, as I now do in living without it."

"I don't doubt you! I don't at all doubt you! Please goodness, if my scamp of a nephew here imbibes any of your scapegrace notions, not a fraction of my money shall he touch."

CHAPTER XVI.

. . . . . " Honteux, desespéré
Portant partout le trait dont je suis dechiré
Contre vous, contre moi, vainement je m'eprouve
Presente je vous fuis, absente je vous trouve."

RACINE.

I SOON made a visit for some days at Lawrence Court, the seat of Miss St. Lawrence's father. Amiable and engaging as the young lady at all times appeared, she was seen to most advantage at home. Surrounded with all that hereditary splendour and wealth could afford to captivate the youthful fancy and excite feelings of vanity, she seemed unaffectedly unconscious of the existence of these brilliant appendages. Her frank, cordial manner, and good-natured smile, belonged to the lively and amiable girl—not to the flattered, self-sufficient heiress. I felt that if I could succeed in thoroughly dismiss-

ing her rustic competitor from my heart, I should be happy—but here lay the difficulty. Poor Mary was still in possession of my love; the bustle of political excitement might obscure, but it could not dispel the recollection. A thousand times her form rose before me, and often in contrast with Miss St. Lawrence. As the latter moved in the cotillon or waltz, I remembered the untutored grace of Mary in the rustic dance. As she sang some magnificent Italian bravura, (and she sang inimitably,) the sweet wild voice of Mary, singing some of her delicious native melodies, would steal upon my memory; and in all these mental contrasts, the unrivalled loveliness of Mary gave her a very decided advantage.

"What are you thinking of with such solemnity?" asked Miss St. Lawrence, one evening that I had remained silent for a while, busied in these mental ruminations.

"I should not have supposed my thoughts were so solemn," said I, parrying her question.

"Solemn!" she repeated, "why of course

you know best—but really if they wear the same complexion with your countenance, they were sufficiently solemn to do honour to a quaker meeting."

"Now you only think so, Miss St. Lawrence, because you have been recently in France, and every French cavalier abounds in *tout ce qu'il y a de gai, de volatile, et même évaporé;* and then, because you don't find your own countrymen equally mercurial, you accuse them of solemnity."

"Now," said she archly, "how ingeniously you endeavour to transfer my accusation from yourself to the rest of our countrymen. But it will not do—I have not charged the Irish with too much gravity, but I said that *you* looked very grave a while ago. Come now —what were you thinking of?"

"I fear I should offend you if I told you," said I.

"Nay," she answered laughing; "if you think it would offend me pray don't tell me, for I have not the slightest wish to be of-

fended. But I fancy it would not offend me at all, so you may out with it—you were thinking, perhaps, that I don't sing the airs in Artaxerxes quite so well as Madame Mara?"

"No indeed," said I.

"Why I scarcely think you would look quite so grave upon *that*," she continued; "but you have extremely little gallantry, for if I asked a French cavalier what subject occupied his thoughts, he would make an unfathomable bow, lay his hand on his heart, and exclaim, '*Mademoiselle, je pensois à vous.*'"

"Very well," said I, rising, "and suppose now in sober truth and earnest I make an unfathomable bow, lay my hand on my heart, and say, '*Mademoiselle, je pensois à vous!*'"

"Why, in the first place, if it were not impolite, I should be apt to hint that I scarcely believed you; and in the second, I should say that your sober truth and earnest quite spoiled the compliment, by making it too matter of fact; and thirdly, that your bow, although very

well for Galway, is not made with quite the grace of a Frenchman. Besides all which, you waited until you had learned from me what monsieur would say upon such an occasion; whereas the compliment should have emanated from yourself in order to possess any value whatever."

"I believe you are perfectly right," I replied; "and we must also take into account that it would scarcely be polite to say my thoughts were occupied by *you*, when my countenance wore the sombre expression you remarked a few minutes ago; for, doubtless, if so agreeable a subject had engrossed my ruminations, my face would have been radiant with involuntary smiles."

"Very well," said Miss St. Lawrence laughing; "you will know better what to say the next time. Your last observation was the nearest approach to French politeness you have yet made, if it had not been quite so laboriously oratorical."

"Did you like France?" I asked.

"Yes, very much, and Paris particularly. We were extremely gay there until some Irish priest suddenly filled mamma's head with scruples against going to the play during advent; if he had postponed his conscientious advice for another week I should not have cared, but he just gave it in time to prevent our going to see the magnificent drama of Le Cendrillon with Boildieu's music. It was very provoking, for we were on the eve of leaving Paris to return to Ireland, and had not another opportunity of seeing it."

"You may now have an opportunity of seeing it in Dublin," said I; "for I understand it is to be brought out this season at Crow Street."

"Indeed! and is it to be performed by a Parisian company?"

"I have not heard."

"For if not, one might almost as well think of producing it at Kilshindy, and giving the characters to some of our friends to perform. Artamêne might be allotted to your useful and

assiduous friend, Mr. Lynch—O, how I should like to see him strutting in heroics, with a low-browed Montero cap and sweeping sable plume, and a heroic frown struggling with the natural expression of his broad, grinning, county Galway face!"

"I am sure," observed I, "he would be admirable in the delivery of such verses as Sir Charles Buck's celebrated couplet: —

'Monstre horrible! detestable! effroyable! funeste!
Ah que je vous aime! Oh que je vous deteste!'

Lynch excels in a compound expression of countenance; no man can better look hatred with one eye and love with the other."

During this conversation every person had gradually quitted the apartment except Miss St. Lawrence and myself. I felt strangely tempted to make the offer of my hand, but knew not how to shape my proposal. She made some remark on the easy gaiety which forms so distinguishing a characteristic of French manners.

"I wish I was a Frenchman," said I, with a most expressive sigh.

"Why so?—you are not going to disclaim your country?"

"No, indeed, but I wish I were a Frenchman for five minutes, in order to say something which I fear it requires more easy grace to utter acceptably, than I can boast of.—In a word, Miss St. Lawrence, I am a plain man, and not at all up to the mountebank capers and ecstatic evolutions of a love scene."

"So much the better, Mr. Grant."

"I expected no less from your excellent sense, Miss St. Lawrence.—I hope you will not be angry if I tell you that my happiness through life depends on your making your hand mine.—Indeed, I would devote my life to make you happy."

Miss St. Lawrence coloured deeply; her face, her neck, became crimson—she held her hand to her forehead, and uttered some words that I did not hear distinctly. Her blushes

became her, and their tints resembled the exquisitely lovely suffusion which had often glowed in the face of Mary Sheridan. Miss St. Lawrence looked at me, and I felt, or believed, that it was not a look negative. We were silent for a few moments—she seemed about to say something, but ere she had arranged her ideas, Conolly, the former member for the county, and two or three young men suddenly entered from the dining-room, in a state that clearly evidenced the potent excellence of Mr. St. Lawrence's claret. Mr. Conolly had taken a particular dislike to me ever since I had publicly advocated Murrough's claims to represent the county, and he vented his spleen on the present occasion, in the sneering mode in which he introduced me to one of his friends whom I had not previously known.

"Mr. Blake—Mr. O'Brien Grant—or as we usually call him, Philosopher Grant.—Blake, do you know what philosopher means?"

"No, Sir."

"Philosopher means a jackass—a booby—that's what philosopher means."

"That is really a novel definition," said I laughing, "but I fear an incorrect one.—Philosopher a booby? why, I always thought that booby meant a leather-headed fellow who mistook impertinence for wit."

Conolly felt hit, and added, "Philosopher signifies a young fellow who knows nothing except what is totally useless."

"A young fellow, for example," said I, with a low bow, "who knows Mr. Conolly."

"Sir," said the ex-member pompously, and with the air of a bad general trying to cover a retreat, "I would have you to know that I have been always considered a sort of Solon."

"A sort of Solon!" echoed Miss St. Lawrence, laughing; "then it must have been a Solan goose, I think."

I felt extremely grateful to the fair Henrietta for thus completing Conolly's discomfiture; and I thought I discerned in her eye an ex-

pression of triumph at the sarcastic manner in which I had repelled his rudeness. But his presence, and that of his companions, effectually prevented my renewing the interesting subject which their entrance had suspended; nor had I any further opportunities of doing so, as the following morning I was obliged to leave Lawrence Court long before daylight, to assist my friend Murrough in his struggle for the county. Conolly was determined on contesting it against him.

CHAPTER XVII.

"He was the hero of the platform; he
Was monarch of debate, his words were endless,
He could out-roar, out-talk, out-gesture all,
King of the wordy war! His brazen brow
Was all unconscious of a blush; his element
Was rivalry of tongues; then who but he?"

THE COURT.

The two court candidates were Mr. Conolly and the young Earl of Grimsborough. The latter was pronounced by Lynch to be as arrant a puppy as breathed.

"We'll beat them like hacks!" was the triumphant exclamation of Murrough, who stood at one of the entrances to the court-house as I made my appearance. We proceeded together to the scene of action, where it was suddenly announced that two new candidates had started; namely, Lord Kilmoyle and Mr. Beresford, neither of whom had any

connexion with the county. Their appearing as candidates on this occasion was merely an electioneering ruse, to occupy the time of the court; the disadvantages of which delay, it was thought, would be most severely felt by the popular party. They were all proposed and seconded in rotation, according to the priority of their addresses to the electors.

Conolly's speech was *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.* Lord Grimsborough looked round with an air of supercilious contempt, and read a few commonplace lines from a paper he carried in his hat, which he held before his eyes while addressing the assemblage; Lord Kilmoyle was embarrassed and inaudible; and Mr. Beresford indulged in that species of eloquence styled "circumbendential," although it could not be said that his address tended much to enlighten his auditory, notwithstanding its length. Murrough made a really excellent speech; a speech replete with sound constitutional principles,—the principles of rational liberty. When he sat down,

"Now," said he, "don't spare them—give them salt, and pepper, and fire—castigate the fellows for presuming to offer themselves to a rational constituency."

Accordingly I rose, and after some preliminary observations on the state of political affairs, I continued in the following terms:—

"You have now had the advantage of seeing your several candidates face to face upon the hustings; you can now compare their respective abilities, and decide among all the gentlemen that have addressed you, who can best do your business, and the business of Ireland, in Parliament. You have now seen and heard the exhibitions of the veteran fox-hunter and the youthful votaries of fashion. I cannot consider it as being of any peculiar disadvantage to the latter personages that they are in years little more than boys; for I verily believe that if they lived to the age of Methusalem their mental infancy would still continue. But, what think you of the ingenious expedient of

the noble lord who read his speech from his hat? Feeling an intellectual hiatus, he prudently endeavoured to make his hat supply the deficiencies of his head! He has styled Mr. Murrough O'Driscoll a political mountebank; this does honour to his lordship's political foresight, for a mountebank in general concludes his exhibitions *on the top of a pole*, and his lordship's sagacity anticipates that Mr. O'Driscoll will conclude the present contest on the *top of the poll!* (Immense laughter.) Now, scrutinize the claims of your candidates. Your former representative is prepared for his task of legislation by a life-long apprenticeship to horseflesh and hedges and ditches. He can discuss the merits of a dog-tax in the house, no doubt, with the most convincing eloquence. But, what knowledge of senatorial science can be looked for, in a gentleman whose life has been principally spent upon his saddle? Why, I should really expect him, when asked in the house for his vote, to cry out 'tallyho!'—an

exclamation more congenial to his habits and instinct, than the simplest expression of political opinion. *One* amusing plea has been put forward for him; his eloquent seconder has made an appeal to our feelings, and has delicately hinted at the old gentleman's financial embarrassments, alluding to the happy exemption from arrest for debt, afforded by a seat in the honourable house. What? Are we then to entrust Mr. Conolly with the care of the affairs of the nation, *because* he has shown himself unable, according to this gentleman, to take care of his own? (Loud cheers.) Then as for my Lord Kilmoyle,—I feel totally unable to eulogize his eloquence according to its merits, for he modestly took care that none of us should hear it; his friends pushed him forward; he got up, he made his bow, and began to play on yonder desk with such elaborate exertion of his fingers, that I hoped some music was about to come forth; but we had not a note, either vocal or instrumental. The contortions of his

face were doubtless extremely expressive, and gave evidence that had the noble lord been somewhat more articulate, we should have enjoyed much instruction and enlightenment. Mr. Beresford was rather more flippant than his noble friend; we were all enraptured with his nasal harmony; he indulged you with several sentences, pronounced, I am happy to bear witness, in a very respectable style of school-boy declamation; and concluded by telling you he hoped, should he now be so happy to obtain your suffrages, that when you and he next meet, you may not disapprove of his parliamentary conduct. *His* parliamentary conduct! Why, I doubt not that if these sparkling gems of aristocracy sat in conclave on a question of feathers, or lap-dogs, or butterflies, or band-boxes, they might shine with brilliant lustre in debate. But, question them on any subject unconnected with the frivolous amusements of fashionable life, and see what a pretty exhibition they will make. Men of Galway!

what are the qualifications you look for in your representatives? Do you look for such acquirements as will fit them to shine in the society of opera-girls, milliners, mail-coachmen, huntsmen, or dog-breakers? If you look for aught better than these, then pitch the tinselled booby lordling, and the leather-pated rustic squire overboard! Send intellect, integrity, and patriotism, in the person of Murrough O'Driscoll, into parliament"——

My words were drowned in a roar of exulting acclamations which lasted for several minutes. When silence was restored, the voice of Lord Grimsborough was heard in conversation with Mr. Beresford; his lordship lay extended in a listless, picktooth attitude, on the bench behind us.

"Beresford, do you recollect Sir Ignatius Brabazon?"

"Yes—I recollect your lordship fought a duel with him."

"I did—and that reminds me of a discussion

my brother Charles and I had, the preceding night, as to where I should shoot him. 'I'll pink the fellow through the head,' said I; 'he has been cursedly insolent.' 'No, d—n it,' replied Charles, 'he has been impertinent, no doubt, but spare his life.' 'Why, man,' said I, 'shall I suffer him to live after staining my honour? I'll rid the world of him.' 'As you're brave be merciful,' said Charles; 'so take my advice and let the fellow off with a flesh wound.' 'No,' I answered, 'but I'll pip him on the shoulder.' So, on the following morning we met in the Fifteen Acres—the word was given—ready—fire! and I pinked him on the critical spot I had arranged—not a hair's breadth astray, 'pon honour. I hit with mathematical precision—hand, eye, and nerve, sure, steady, and as cool as frost."

"What did you quarrel about?" demanded Mr. Beresford.

"Why, I don't well remember—let me see—oh yes! I mentioned that the nuns of the Ur-

suline convent at Drogheda had given a ball and supper to the officers of the Prince's own in the convent refectory."

"A d——d larking set of nuns!" exclaimed Beresford.

"Why yes, but ours was a crack regiment, and such a thing would naturally give éclat to the convent. But Brabazon thought I meant real, bonâ fide nuns, and having a sister in the Ursuline convent, he promptly contradicted me without asking for any explanation. I had no alternative—I was obliged to fight—and now, Beresford, my dear fellow, I'll thank you to hand my card to Mr. O'Brien Grant; his language to-day has been rather unmeasured; I think we all should fight him one by one; *I'll* open the ball, though." This was uttered in a careless, languid tone, and the speaker seemed to be utterly indifferent as to whether or not it was overheard by me.

"Do you hear the belligerents?" whispered Murrough.

"Yes, but, I think, there 's too much boast for sterling mettle."

"You will fight him, though?"

"No indeed! you know I am a sworn anti-duellist."

"You'll be ruined in public estimation."

"Leave me to manage that," said I. The polling now commenced, and on that day's poll my friend Murrough was over a hundred ahead of his antagonists. In the course of the evening, Mr. Beresford waited on me at the inn (in those days Galway was unconscious of hotels), with a hostile message from Lord Grimsborough. He left me the choice of place, hour, and weapons, with all the other privileges of a challenged person. He then requested to know what friend I meant to name.

"Sir," I replied, "I shall name no friend on an occasion like the present."

"What, Sir! you surely have not any idea of refusing Lord Grimsborough's challenge?"

"Mr. Beresford, I shall take the liberty of

arranging this business my own way, and I shall state in writing, to Lord Grimsborough, my reasons for declining the hostile offer with which he has honoured me."

"Sir, your character will irreparably suffer"—

"Pardon me, Sir—I am the best and most efficient guardian of my character."

"To me, Sir, your mode of guardianship appears a very strange one."

"Perhaps so; but it is time to rise superior to irrational and barbarous prejudices."

"Really, Mr. O'Brien Grant, you must allow me to say that the refusal you meditate will expose you to a thousand insults, and perhaps to personal aggression."

"In such a case, Mr. Beresford, I should seek legal redress; and for any misconstruction the public can put upon my motives, I feel utter indifference."

"As you please, Sir," replied Mr. Beresford; "but I *did* expect a very different answer to my noble friend."

I sat down without replying, and wrote the following letter to Lord Grimsborough:

"MY LORD,

"Mr. Beresford has delivered your message. Not wishing to converse with him on any subject of a hostile nature, I adopt the alternative of sending a written answer to your Lordship.

"You complain that in my speech of this day, I offered you a personal insult. I beg, in reply, to inform you, that, as an elector of the county of Galway, I felt insulted by your asking my suffrage, in common with those of the other electors, in behalf of a person so utterly incapable to represent our interests in the senate as your Lordship. My Lord, the exposure of individual incapacity, and the chastisement of individual presumption, become public duties where the interests of the public are involved: from those duties I shall never flinch, although in their performance I may inflict a wound upon my natural feelings of

compassion for the object of exposure or reproof. It was therefore, that in the speech to which you allude, I completed the task your Lordship had begun, by exhibiting your incapacity to a numerous auditory.

"Now, my Lord, with regard to your challenge, I have only to say, that it seems to afford another proof of that hot-brained and mercurial frivolity, which struck me as being one of the attributes that rendered you unfit for the duties of legislation.

"Your lordship may imagine that your life is of so little importance to the public, that no great public evil could result, if the meeting to which you so unadvisedly summon me, should prove fatal to your Lordship. Perhaps you may find many of the same opinion; I, however, entertain a widely different estimation of the value of my own life. When my country calls for my services, I shall be found, I trust, if necessary, in the front rank of danger. But I shall not peril my existence in a silly and frivolous broil—arising from a cause, the remembrance

of which your Lordship would do well to bury in oblivion, if possible, by retiring from scenes for which nature has rendered you unfit, to the seclusion and obscurity of private life.

"I have the honour to subscribe myself,

"My Lord,

"Your Lordship's

"Most obedient humble servant,

"J. O'Brien Grant."

I folded and sealed this epistle, and delivered it to Mr. Beresford, observing that it contained my reasons for declining to fight his friend. "However," added I, "you may inform Lord Grimsborough, that although I am a decided enemy to a conflict with murderous weapons, which might end in depriving his Lordship or myself of life, without producing the smallest conceivable good, yet, should his pugnacious propensities continue, I am perfectly ready to meet him at a bout of single-stick, in which we can beat each other as black and blue as the most chivalrous honour can require."

"Sir," said Mr. Beresford, "you must excuse my declining that part of your message. My noble friend only fights with the weapons of gentlemen, although those which you mention may answer very well for persons who have forfeited all claim to the name. I have the honour to wish you a good evening."

And the pompous little fellow moved off. The measure of posting me as a coward was seriously contemplated, but prudential fears prevailed, and his lordship contented himself, I understand, with remarking that I was a d——d rum customer, and the less they had to say to me the better.

"By my honour, my Lord," said Conolly, who offered his advice to their council of war, "the best thing you can do is to let the matter drop; if you take any measures against O'Brien Grant, that other devil, Murrough O'Driscoll, will assuredly pay you off when you least think—you'll be waylaid and beaten by a gang with black masks in Glenrowry wood on your way back to Dublin, perhaps—you don't know to

what you'd expose yourself. Murrough is a dare-devil, and he and Grant are as thick as two pickpockets. By my honour, Murrough once robbed a mail-coach in the county of Tyrone, my Lord; and another time he robbed a house at noon-day, tied the master up in a bag, pulled him up the chimney, and left him stuck there—the poor devil might have been smoked into bacon, only that by good luck the chimneys were to be swept that evening, and the sweeps pulled him down. My Lord, he's a dangerous man to offend—he'll stop at nothing. You stare, and well you may! but I give you my honour it's a fact. Keep clear of offending Murrough, directly or indirectly. He lives right well, and nobody sees or knows what he has to live upon, and that looks suspicious. It is thought O'Brien Grant shares the booty—but all I say is, have a care of 'em both."

"On my word, I believe it is best to have nothing to say to such odd people," said his lordship. "Really, I am astounded! members of parliament, too! Why, to-morrow or next

day, we may expect the introduction of a bill to legalize house-breaking and arson!"

"Wheugh!" said Conolly, placing a monitory finger on his nose; "do not speak so loud or those devils may hear you, and that wouldn't be quite safe either. O' my conscience, I sometimes think Murrough is ubiquitous, for his locomotive powers appear superhuman."

Meanwhile Murrough, unconscious of the comical fabrications respecting our characters which were repeated and believed by Mr. Conolly, was as busily exerting his ubiquitous powers, as if his chance of success appeared doubtful or even unfavourable. Tutored by the pregnant experience of the public dinner at which he had been entertained at Ballyhurly, the expenses of which were defrayed by himself, he now placed no faith in the professions of officious patriots; he kept clear of committees and committee-rooms, and instead of wasting his time among them, he repaired to the places where detachments of the country voters were lodged and entertained by public

subscription, and there he harangued from time to time in the strain of good-humour most congenial to the Irish heart.

On entering one of these places, we saw a large crowd of voters collected round Lynch, who was busily endeavouring to convince two or three refractory cottiers that they really had forty shillings' value in the little freeholds from which they were to qualify as electors next day.

"Why, plase your honour, I can't swear to the forty shillings' value, I'm afraid," said a creature, whose tatters seemed fully to confirm his assertion; "the spot of ground is small, and the price of pigs is down, and the barrow-pig died upon me lately"——

"The barrow-pig!" repeated Lynch, in a sympathising tone; "ah, the poor fellow; what did he die of?"

"He died of a Tuesday, your honour; it was Tuesday se'nnight that the crowsther*

* Cramps.

caught him, and now I haven't a pin's worth but the sow, and a half acre of tillage—I don't much like swearing forty shillings on it, Sir."

"D—n your nonsensical scruples, man! Haven't you got freedom of election? and isn't that by itself worth forty shillings any day, to e'er an honest Irishman? Why man, it's the best part of your freehold; let us tot up all together. There's the sow, and the half acre of tillage, and—and—and the dead pig's worth something or the devil's in it, and *freedom of election*—if that isn't worth forty shillings, my name's not Peter Lynch! To be sure you can swear to it, man! Why, I'd swear to it myself in half a shake."

"*You* might, sir," said the peasant; "but some people say your honour would swear a hole through an iron pot."

There was a loud laugh at Lynch's expense.

"Oh," exclaimed Murrough, "there must really be no more of this. Let no man think for an instant of swearing, who is not perfectly sure of full value, ay, and of over the value.

It is best to be on the safe side, when such solemn things as oaths are in question. Come, Grant, we must visit our friends in other quarters of the town."

And we left Lynch and the group of electors to settle cases of conscience between them. When we had proceeded into the street, Murrough reverted to Lord Grimsborough's challenge. "You did wrong not to fight his lordship, I think," said he.

"Why, what good would that have done?" I demanded. "I might have been shot, or he might have been shot, which neither party would have relished; and even had we both been shot, it would not have altered the circumstance of his lordship's legislatorial incapacity, nor would I have retracted my conscientious opinion of it."

"But you offered his lordship the alternative of a threshing with single stick?"

"I did."

"Now I'll tell you, Mr. O'Brien Grant, how I would have acted in your case. I would

have collared his lordship and given him a shaking, when I first became aware of his belligerent intentions. A scuffle would have ensued, in which I would have taken right good care to break his pistol arm; and after *that*, he might have fought me as soon as he pleased."

By this time we had reached the large schoolroom of the Augustinian Convent, where a large number of the poorer electors were fed and lodged. The apartment was crowded, and many of the better classes were present. Mr. Patrick Lawlor was busily haranguing, and so completely had engrossed the attention of the crowd, that Murrough and I were for several moments unobserved. It appeared that the funds subscribed to support the country voters while in town, had, by some mysterious process, so very considerably diminished, as to render a further subscription for that purpose indispensable. This was the topic of Lawlor's address.

"And now, *ma boughali*," said he, "we will

want the sinews of war. In plain talk, boys, the sort of thing we want is a bit of a subscription."

Here there were thunders of applause from the crowd, of whom the most prominently noisy applauder was a half naked, half tipsy beggarman, who shouted and flourished an alpeen with the tattered remains of a hat on the top of it; he continued to vociferate, "Ay, by gosh! a subscription! a subscription! let me see who'll dare say aginst that! to be sure we'll subscribe for yez, Tundher and Lightning, my darlings!"

Meanwhile Lawlor advanced his hat to the persons round the platform, to receive the contributions of all who were willing to give.

"Oh, by all that 's *cute*," whispered Murrough, "this will never do! My poor, dear darling Paddy Lawlor is an excellent fellow—a most excellent fellow, no doubt, but perhaps not exactly the man to entrust with subscriptions.—'Faith he thought I was on duty somewhere else.—You see, Jack, how indispensable

it is to have one's eyes about everywhere. Devil a farthing of that, Pat won't pocket, if you don't run and summon Peter Lynch to share the task of collecting it—Lynch might crib some of it too, but the pair of them will keep a watch on one another."

"Perhaps," suggested I, "they might unite to make an erroneous return of the receipts."

"Oh not at all—not at all," said Murrough hastily; "they suspect one another quite too much for any coalition of that sort. 'Faith, my dear fellow, I took care of that, for I set them by the ears before we came here."

"But really," said I, "there 's no occasion for my summoning Lynch, for I don't see a single farthing thrown into Paddy Lawlor's hat."

"Owgh!" cried Murrough, with a comic expression of disappointment, as he saw all the people near the platform shrinking from the proffered hat, as if it were infected with the plague. The shouts still continued to cheer on Mr. Lawlor's applications for money; al-

though an incipient evaporation of all those whose attire seemed to intimate solvency, was a lamentable proof that the enthusiasm of subscribing patriotism was chiefly confined to those who had nothing to give.

"Come, come! Darby Hefferman!" said Lawlor, shaking the hat at a pursy looking tradesman near the corner of the platform. "Come, come—the Heffermans were patriots ever and always—I see the good drop in your eye, Darby Hefferman—come now—one shilling, one sixpence, for ould Ireland, county Galway, and Murrough Driscoll."

"Mr. Lawlor," said the cautious tradesman, "I'd give it and welcome, if it were five times as much, if his honour, Mr. Murrough, was to ask me for it, but—ahem!—I—I don't think, some way or other, the last subscription lasted as long as it ought."

Lawlor was about to renew his exhortation, when Murrough and I were espied. A general cheer announced our appearance; we quitted our dark corner, ascended the platform, and

diffused as much instruction and amusement as usual.

At length the election closed, and Murrough was triumphantly returned by a very large majority. Parliament was summoned to meet much sooner than had been expected, so we started for Dublin without any further delay.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"The structure of the Irish House of Commons at the period of these debates, was particularly adapted to convey to the people an impression of dignity and of splendour in their legislative assembly. The interior of the Commons' house was a rotunda of great architectural magnificence. An immense gallery, supported by Tuscan pillars, surrounded the inner base of a grand and lofty dome. In that gallery, on every important debate, nearly seven hundred heard the sentiments and learned the characters of the Irish representatives; and the admission of the students of the University gave to the rising generation a love of eloquence and of liberty; taught them the principles of a just and proud ambition, the details of public business, and the rudiments of constitutional legislation."

SIR JONAH BARRINGTON.

THE day we entered Dublin was the day the session opened. To me, who had never been in Dublin before, the coup d'œil was imposing and magnificent. The streets were thronged with splendid equipages; groups of well dressed pedestrians crowded the side ways; and the bustle and activity of a wealthy and

prosperous metropolis was diffused over every part of the scene. As we passed through some of the manufacturing portion of the city on our entrance, the cheering sights and sounds of humble opulence were strikingly perceptible; the buz of loom and shuttle was heard from many an open window, and the light-hearted laugh and song that sounded from within, told plainly that the thriving operatives were *Irishmen*, whose national gaiety of spirits was excited into mirth and happiness by the stimulating influence of prosperous trade and brisk DOMESTIC MARKETS.

Passing eastwards towards the centre of the city, we turned by Essex Bridge into Parliament Street, at the upper end of which, our progress was impeded by the crowd which had gathered to witness the procession of the Viceroy from the Castle to the Parliament House, it being His Excellency's purpose to open the session in person.

The whole length of Cork Hill and Dame Street was lined on both sides with a double

file of soldiers, while the bustle of the scene was considerably heightened by the cries of hawkers, and the clanging of a hundred bells, among which could be plainly distinguished the loud rolling peal of the chime from St. Werburgh's steeple.

As our movements were necessarily very slow from the pressure of the crowd, I had ample time to use my ears and eyes as we passed along. The noble line of houses along the southern side of Dame Street had then been recently completed, and, when taken in connexion with the distant peep at Old Trinity, and the fore-shortened front of the House of Commons, formed a coup d'œil, the first impression of which is not easily effaced from the memory. And here I cannot avoid raising my voice in execration of the white plaster fronts which modern bad taste sometimes substitutes for the dark, substantial brickwork of the olden time. This execrable taste, which prevails very generally throughout London, is gradually creeping into the Irish metropolis;

so that we may fear that some of the principal avenues in Dublin will, ere long, exhibit, instead of their lines of honest solid brickwork, a complication of fantastic and unmeaning zigzaggeries, such as the capricious plaster fronts that deform Regent Street in London, and give it a strong resemblance to a double row of pasteboard houses, sugared and frosted. This bad effect is the more striking, from the contrast afforded by the neighbouring avenue of Portland Place, whose superb and majestic lines of building have hitherto escaped the modern contagion.

At the time I write of, this mode of disfiguring the labours of the builder was totally unknown. I gazed on Dame Street with all the admiration and surprise of an unpractised rustic; when suddenly a rocket let up from the upper Castle yard, which was instantly answered by cannon from the park, announced that the Viceroy had set out on his way to the Parliament House. College Green was crowded with the members' equipages; for

although it was the first day of the session, the attendance was unusually full, as the opening speech of the Viceroy (the Earl of Westmoreland) was expected to contain some important communications relative to the war with France. At length His Excellency reached College Green, in the state coach—the old glass coach which had been built in the reign of Queen Anne.—O! how indelibly every feature in the scene is impressed upon my recollection! How distinctly do I remember the most trivial minutiæ, even down to the embossed green and silver shamrocks which ran round the roof of the state coach; and the harp, surmounted with a crown, the royal arms of Ireland, emblazoned on the pannels!

A sentiment of universal joy appeared to pervade the multitude; every face wore the expression of national pride and exultation. The partial emancipation bill of the preceding session had given unmingled satisfaction, and it was believed by many that the question of parliamentary reform would be carried in that

which had just commenced. So that, although the Earl of Westmoreland was not in general popular, yet on this occasion, the past and the expected concessions produced so much good humour among the people of Dublin, that his reception among all classes was as warm as patriot Viceroy could desire.

As his cortège moved onwards to the front of the House of Lords, facing College Street, the bands struck up the national melody of "Patrick's Day," which was chorussed with one universal cheer of delight from the populace. The pervading hilarity was heightened by the beauty and mildness of the day: although it was the twenty-first of January, a sun as bright and glorious as spring ever witnessed, enlivened the bracing frosty atmosphere. Gracious heaven! what a contrast does the whole scene form to the blank and cheerless desolation which *now* pervades the theatre of our former prosperity and glory! Even at this distance of time, the notes of our national melody seem to vibrate on my heart; and the

shouts of an exulting nation (we were *then* a nation) seem to thrill upon my ear.

Let me, for a few moments, banish from my thoughts the remembrance of our present political extinction—let the proud and heart-stirring scenes of native legislation arise once more in fresh and glowing vision to my memory—let me shut my eyes to drear and sad realities, and let me behold once again the Lords and Commons of Ireland sitting in their own capital, making laws for the welfare and stability of their own people! Let me once more enjoy the proud consciousness of my earlier days, the consciousness of Ireland's unfettered capability and national independence! Let me, for a short while, indulge the illusion, before my old age sinks down into the slumber of death! Where, let me ask, is the Irishman whose memory extends to the period anterior to the Union, who does not dwell upon those days as the golden era of his country, and who does not regard them as the bright, though fleeting hours of a summer's

evening, when every object glows in the rich and warm hues of a luminary which is destined soon to set? Where is the Irishman whose breast is not conscious of a thrill of honest pride, as he thinks of the Irish volunteers, the bulwark of his native land? But, alas! the proud thrill subsides into a sigh of patriotic sorrow, when he thinks of the ruin of all for which the volunteers contended!

I must not, however, allow these reflections to interrupt my narrative.

"Come," said Murrough, "we will exchange our travelling dresses at the nearest hotel for a garb better fitted for the House of Commons; we must be 'first among the first,' and it would delay us too long to proceed to Mr. Herbert's until after we've taken the oaths and our seats."

Accordingly, we refitted at Connelly's hotel in College Green, and were crossing the street on our way to the House, when a cheer, loud, prolonged, and piercing, simultaneously burst from the multitude. It was not like a thousand

clamorous shoutings I have heard; it appeared to spring from the deepest recesses of every man's heart; its thrilling tone was too clearly expressive of delight to be produced by the approach of any ordinary personage. We looked in anxious expectation towards Grafton Street, the quarter to which all eyes were turned. A lane was formed among the people for the passage of some popular character; ten thousand hats were waved in the air; when the general emotion was explained by the appearance of HENRY GRATTAN, who was walking, unattended, from his residence in Stephen's Green to the House of Commons.

Language is totally inadequate to convey an idea of the sensations which crowded on my heart, on thus, for the first time, beholding that illustrious man. My breath literally "came short and thick;" the blood rushed to my face, and I felt a delightful glow of patriotic pride as I gazed on the founder of the Irish constitution of 1782.

"May God Almighty bless you, Counsellor

Grattan!" was uttered by numberless voices as he passed along, with all the fervour of the most affectionate sincerity. Grattan seemed highly pleased at these testimonials of the popular love. He felt that he deserved them, and he felt they were sincere. He repeatedly bowed to the people as he advanced to the House, which he had scarcely entered, when another cheer announced the arrival of the eccentric and patriotic Curran, walking in the same unostentatious manner. Curran received the popular applause with some sly jest or witticism as he proceeded through the crowd, for he frequently stopped for a moment and made some observation to the persons who chanced to be next him, which was invariably followed by a loud and hearty burst of laughter.

"Arrah, Counsellor Curran, jewel," exclaimed an apple-woman, who was plainly *enceinte;* "speak up, now! and let all of us hear your good things—come, counsellor,

jewel! here's an elegant *numparell* to wet your whistle with—what do you think of it, counsellor?" and she held up her apple, but Curran was at the moment talking to a shoe-black. "Well, well, counsellor," persisted the apple-woman, twitching his coat, "since you won't tell me what you think of my apple, pray, what do you think of myself?"

"Think of yourself, sweetheart?" said Curran, suddenly turning about, and surveying her *person* and fruit-stall with a glance of inexpressible humour; "why, I think that you're just what you ought to be—*fruitful*."

"My blessing on your marrow-bones, counsellor!" exclaimed the votary of Pomona; "here's half-a-dozen numparells and half-a-dozen oranges for that—you'll want them in the house by and by. No—no! 'pon my sowl," (in answer to an offer of money,) "let the *orangemen* pay for the oranges—devil a rap I'll charge *you* for either oranges or apples! You're the apple of my eye and the darling of

my heart! But don't let them tax us too heavy inside in the big house there, my jewel! and that 's all the payment I'll ax you."

Curran entered the House, and Murrough and I ascended the steps beneath the noble colonnade, which, with the deserted senate house, still remains a melancholy monument of Ireland's departed greatness.

We proceeded to the House of Lords, in order to witness the superb ceremonial with which the session was opened by the Viceroy. His Excellency was arrayed in royal robes; his train was borne by two sons of noblemen; the cap of maintenance was carried by the Earl of Tyrone; and the sword of state by the venerable Charlemont. The Viceroy made his congé to the throne, which he then ascended, and seated himself in the chair of state beneath the canopy; the bishops and temporal peers still standing, robed and uncovered, in their respective places, until their lordships took their seats. The lord chancellor, kneeling, conferred with His Excellency the Viceroy, and

then, standing on the right hand of the throne, commanded the gentleman usher of the black rod to repair to the House of Commons, and acquaint the Commons that it was His Excellency's pleasure that they should immediately attend him in the House of Peers.

The Commons, with their speaker, my lamented friend Foster, were accordingly conducted to the bar with the usual ceremonies. The Viceroy's speech contained the routine protestations of royal and viceregal attachment to the welfare of Ireland; its only features worthy of record, were the announcement that the king had appointed a commission to execute the office of lord high treasurer of Ireland, and a call upon the Commons for supplies to carry on the war with France.

When the Commons returned to their own house, Murrough and I immediately took the oaths and our seats. Lord Boyle moved the address to his Majesty, which was seconded by the Hon. Wandesford Butler. Grattan started up to speak, and the whole attention of

the house was immediately riveted. He strenuously urged the necessity of furnishing Britain with whatever supplies she might require for the purposes of war; and I hold it a circumstance of no small moment, that this illustrious assertor of Ireland's independence, this unrivalled patriot, whose every pulse beat responsive to his country's liberty,—that *he*, and all the bright constellation of statesmen who acted with him in the Irish Parliament, should have uniformly supported England with all the men and money they could raise, whenever the necessities of England required their assistance. On this occasion Grattan exerted the utmost powers of his eloquence, and I never shall forget the generous emphasis with which he declared, that "finding Great Britain not only involved in a war, but in a war somewhat unsuccessful, he thought the courage of this country more peculiarly called on to give her prompt and efficacious assistance. Even," continued he, "if the contest had been much more unsuccessful, I would still think it neces-

sary for Ireland to enter zealously into the interests of the sister country. If, in the seven years' war we supported Great Britain, without a constitution and without commerce, *shall we now, when we have acquired both commerce and constitution, be cold in her cause?* Did Ireland talk fallaciously, when at the time she was seeking that constitution and commerce, she promised to have but one interest with Great Britain? Or, shall she not now show that her professions at that time were sincere, *and prove by her conduct at this interesting crisis that the best way to secure the attachment of Ireland is to do her benefits?* I do not mean to go at large into the subject of the war; I only mean to declare my opinion, that even if I disapproved of the measure of war, or if I thought the mode in which it was prosecuted a wrong one, *yet, finding Great Britain involved, I would vote for giving her the utmost support which this country could afford; because, I think, the two countries should stand or fall together.*"

Thus spoke Grattan; thus spoke the man who, more than any other, represented the genuine feeling of Ireland. Thus spoke the sentiment of generous, confiding Ireland; and yet, notwithstanding her tried and uniform fidelity to Britain on all occasions of similar emergency, her steady faith was requited with ingratitude, treachery, and political extinction; her people were butchered and swindled out of their parliament and constitution,—for this among other glaringly fallacious pretexts, that perhaps, in the event of a war, she might, if independent, think proper to withhold her assistance. I spoke in the course of the debate, and, with all the fervour of a youthful politician, I adverted to the conduct of Ireland, after the recovery of her free constitution in '82, in voting £100,000, in order to raise twenty thousand seamen for the service of England; and I expressed an ardent hope that the same affectionate and friendly line of policy might now be adopted towards the sister country. This hope was amply realized;—a proof, among in-

numerable others, of the truth of Grattan's memorable words upon a subsequent occasion, —"So much more productive are the wild, free offerings of liberty, than the squeezings, the eviscerations, the excruciations of power."

We left the house to go to dinner; and when I reached the door, I turned and paused, to survey again that noble hall, whose imposing magnificence was in every respect worthy of the high and solemn purpose to which it was devoted.

A hundred waxen tapers flung brilliant lustre upon every feature of its classic form and decorations; a national and characteristic air of gaiety and ease pervaded the very attitudes and motions of the members; forming a striking contrast to the sombre and quaker-like appearance which distinguishes both men and architecture in the dark and gloomy chapel of St. Stephen's*. The gallery, which, unlike the English gallery, was never cleared on a

* Written shortly before the burning of the English Parliament House, in August, 1834.

division, displayed a galaxy of female charms, of diamond ornaments and diamond eyes, whose sparkling brilliancy imparted a new character of splendour as well as fascination to the scene; and many a young member's heart has throbbed from the anxious consciousness that his first oratorical display in parliament must be made beneath the glances of his "ladye love." It was quite in conformity with our national reputation for chivalrous devotion to the softer sex, that their presence, instead of being shrouded in the darkness of a fetid "ventilator," should adorn the senatorial hall, and give features of dignity and grace to the scene of stern debate.

I continued to gaze on the representative assembly of Ireland with a feeling of national enthusiasm; and the words, addressed by Grattan to that body on the ever memorable 16th of April '82, found their way in fervent utterance from my lips. "Esto perpetua!" I exclaimed; and in an ecstasy of patriotic pride I continued to repeat to myself, "this is the parliament of Ireland, and I,—*I* am a member of

it." It was, indeed, a moment of ecstatic feeling, enhanced, no doubt, by its novelty. Murrough was influenced by the same entrancement, and stood riveted to the spot. Curran rose to speak, and his silvery eloquence would have enchained us still longer, when one of the door-keepers immediately behind us tapped Murrough on the shoulder, and asked if he was not the member for Galway? "Yes," replied he.

"There's a lady inquiring for you, sir, and for Mr. O'Brien Grant."

Forthwith we quitted the house in obedience to the summons, and descended the steps of the portico in front of College Green. My attention was arrested by the highly picturesque appearance of the house, as it was seen by the light of the numberless flambeaux which were borne by the footmen who waited with the members' carriages in the spacious area within the rails. The magnificent colonnades stood out in strong relief, the glare of the torches flashing full upon the tall white pillars, while

the deep arcades behind them seemed involved in nearly total darkness, being only illumined by the twinkling light of a dim oil lamp or two.

But I was not permitted to gaze undisturbed on these architectural attractions, for Murrough, pressing my arm, directed my attention to a carriage which had made its way through the throng of vehicles to the very steps of the portico.

It was such a singularly antediluvian turn out, so patched, so shattered, so apparently crazy in its springs, wheels, &c., that I had not the slightest difficulty in at once recognising it. The bottom appeared to have been newly fastened on with a few stout iron straps that confined it to the pannels, and the ridiculous appearance of the whole concern was heightened by the contrast with the numerous elegant and fashionable carriages around. The jaded and rawboned dog-cattle that drew it, panted and smoked after the labours of the day. The dress of the charioteer exhibited

some attempts at imitative livery superinduced over the garments of a ploughboy.

"Country acquaintance claiming friends in town—what an admirable caricature it would make!" whispered Murrough, as the Misses O'Moore, Emily and Harriet, emulously protruded their hands and faces from the window of the carriage.

"How are you, how are you, Mr. O'Driscoll? how are you, Mr. O'Brien Grant?" exclaimed both ladies in a breath; "but we need not ask, for you both look so wonderfully well that it 's easy to see electioneering has agreed with you. I declare," pursued Emily, (for Harriet was by this time exhausted,) "we thought it an age till we came to witness your parliamentary doings in person, and as you are now a great man and a county member, Mr. O'Driscoll, and as you will pass much of your time with us here, we thought it best to come up to town in style, so we brought the chaise—stage-coaches are not quite the thing if one goes at all on the *grand pas*."

"Most considerate, indeed," replied Murrough; "but the Dublin pavements will, I much fear, dislocate your equipage and inflict irretrievable mischief on the whole concern."

"O no fear in the world of that," replied Emily quickly; "the bottom can't fall out, (if that 's what you're afraid of,) for before we set out we got Darby Keeffe, the smith, to fasten it on with four good iron straps, and when the whole thing gets a touch of paint from a Dublin coachmaker, you can't think what a smart turn out it will be. We clapped a box-coat and top-boots upon Jerry—don't you think he'll pass well enough as a coachman here in town? for if not, *you* can drive us, you know, any day you are disengaged from your duties in the House."

"Oh," said Murrough, "Jerry looks superb on the coach-box, and perfectly in character, I assure you, with the carriage. One would think he had served his time to Jehu, so I beg you may not think of displacing him."

"It was Harriet got the *tops* * and rigged him out," pursued Emily; "her friend Tomkinson, the drum-major, got them at a pawnbroker's; you know there 's no use in extravagance on occasions of this kind."

"Oh, none whatever."

"Well sir, we came to see you exhibit in the house; we'll alight now, if you please; we came to see you take the oaths and your seat."

"I am sorry to say you are too late," replied Murrough; "we have already taken the oaths and our seats, and are now going home to dinner."

"How provoking!" cried Harriet; "but you'll begin again to-morrow, won't you?"

"Fie, foolish sister," said Emily; "the oaths are only taken once."

"Well, since we can't see you taking the oaths," continued Harriet, "you can show us the big brass chandelier, can't you, that 's in

* *Eolicé* for top-boots.

some part of the parliament house? I'm told it 's a great sight to see them lighting up the twelve dozen candles that are on it."

Murrough was much inclined to take French leave of his fair tormentors and escape into the crowd, but I would not permit this impoliteness. They had now descended from the carriage, and I was good-natured enough to accede to Harriet's childish wish to see the chandelier, which was then suspended in the House of Lords *, the door of which was opened by one of the door-keepers.

"Thank you, my lord," said Harriet with a low curtsey to the door-keeper.

"That is not a lord," whispered I, laughing; "that's the door-keeper."

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Harriet, "I thought they were all lords here. But look at the great chandelier, I declare they are going to light it—really this was worth coming to see."

* I believe that it now hangs in the Round Church—viz. St. Andrew's.

No doubt the effect was pretty enough. The chandelier was conical, and contained one hundred and forty-four candles, which ascended in a spiral line to the vertex. A flaxen thread, steeped in turpentine, ran all along from candle to candle, so that when the taper was applied to the lowest, the light flew upwards with electric rapidity, igniting every candle as it passed along, and the whole were blazing brightly in an instant.

Emily had hooked herself on Murrough's arm, and was chattering incessantly of the delightful hours they were to spend together in town. "And now," she continued, "we can hardly do better than form an agreement, that if either of us should make any fashionable acquaintances in town, we'll make it a point to introduce them to the other. No doubt you'll pick up numerous desirable acquaintances among the lords and commons here, and it's my wish to mix, I must tell you, as much in fashionable life as possible. I have got a decided taste for that sort of thing

since I met the King and Prince of Wales at Windsor Castle. Ah, Mr. O'Driscoll, I wish I had you in England, and I should make it a point to introduce you to the King and Prince—No, not to the Prince, for there was something alarmingly affectionate about his manner, but to the King, who is perfectly proper. And you wouldn't be at all afraid of him either, for his Majesty chatters so like a pet magpie that you couldn't feel in awe of him."

All this time we were standing below the bar of the House of Lords, which was empty, with the exception of our little party and the officers of the house.

"Will the lords soon come?" asked Harriet. "I always like to see persons of rank. See, Mr. O'Brien Grant, is that a lord?—that old gentleman with the diamond knee-buckles and black silk stockings?"

"No, madam, that is an usher of the House."

"Well, is that a lord on the bench behind us?"

"No, madam—that is the door-keeper who admitted you."

"Ay, so it is—but they 've all got a very *nobility* look! I wish to goodness the lords would come. I suppose they soon will, as they 've lighted the candles."

At this instant a knot of young men strolled in from the lobby, among whom I recognized lord Grimsborough and lord Kilmoyle.

"Oh, here are the lords at last," said Harriet, turning round as they entered.

Be it observed that Emily had retained fast possession of Murrough's arm, and her accents had sunk into a whispering, confidential tone. She was looking in his face with tender earnestness when the party entered, and as they passed us, I overheard lord Grimsborough say to one of his companions, "I believe we have interrupted a love scene."

"Indeed I believe so," was the reply, and the

group honoured Murrough and Emily with a broad, inquisitive stare. Murrough, whose countenance as I have elsewhere remarked, was capable of expressing superlative ferocity, disengaged himself from Miss O'Moore's tenacious grasp, folded his arms, and darted at the group a look of the most determined fierceness. His great muscular strength, gigantic form, and pugnacious expression of countenance, immediately produced a movement of irresolution among lord Grimsborough's party —they hesitated, and then moved away. Murrough smiled. "I rather think," said he, "that I prevented some juvenile impertinence by that ferocious glance. Those young men belong to the Cherokee Club."

"I hope to heaven," said Emily, looking agitated and sentimental, "they did not overhear what we were saying to each other."

"Sister! sister!" exclaimed Harriet, "that was lord Grimsborough."

"Nonsense, sister!"

"But indeed it is—I heard one of his companions call him by his name."

"Mercy! I am so shocked!" cried Emily; "I know his mother very well—I will run after him and beg that he will not repeat anything he may have overheard me say to Mr. O'Driscoll—he was close behind me before I was at all aware—I will indeed—I know his mother very well, in fact quite intimately, for I dined once at her house in the country twelve years ago, so there will be nothing odd in my introducing myself as an old friend to his lordship."

"Miss O'Moore," said Murrough, "I particularly request you will do no such thing—believe me, it would be highly imprudent."

"Oh, if you think it would be imprudent," replied Emily, languishingly, "that alters the case—I trust I shall never be imprudent! Nothing could be further from my wish, but one's feelings will sometimes hurry one into imprudence."

"Besides," said I, "his lordship seems a craven knight—he was scared by a single glance, and is, therefore, unworthy of your notice."

"Why now, that's very true;" answered Emily. "Our county member had only to shake his red curls at the party to set them all scampering."

Murrough had a sprig of myrtle in his coat, and Miss O'Moore, in a fit of apparent absence, took possession of it, and transferred it to one of the stiff, wiry curls of the everlasting wig, which Murrough had long since named her *helmet*.

"Perhaps you will now permit me to conduct you to your carriage," said he, leading the way.

"Oh, pray show us the House of Commons, and make a speech in it first," remonstrated both ladies.

"Some other time, madam,—I must now go to dinner, I am really famished."

"Well, can't you come and dine with us?

We mean to lodge in Grafton Street, at Mrs. Fleming's—come home in the carriage, and you can help us to chaffer with our landlady about the hire of the lodgings; we'll want your assistance, for she 's desperately dear."

Murrough replied not, until they were seated in their crazy conveyance; and then, assisting Jerry to put up the step and shut the door with all possible speed, he desired him to drive on, and seizing me by the arm, proceeded to my grandfather's house in Stephen's Green.

END OF VOL. I.

G. Woodfall, Printer, Angel Court, Skinner Street, London.

NOTE TO CHAPTER V.

THE song of "Nora Creina" has been assigned to so many persons, all claiming the honour of the composition, that it is somewhat difficult to decide who has the best right to that eccentric production. The author of "The Wife Hunter" begs leave, for his own part, to disavow the parentage, with the exception of five stanzas.

It may be remarked, that this metrical rhapsody was "sung or said" at a trial for libel in Tralee, a few years since, by a celebrated Irish barrister, whose incomparably humorous emphasis and intonation elicited peals of boisterous merriment, not only from the ordinary audience of a very crowded court house, but also from the wigged Sage upon the bench.

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